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THE PRINCESS OF WALES FIRING THE FIRST SHOT AT THE NEW GROUND OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, BISLEY COMMON, JULY 12.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It was long after my time when the flogging-block was abstracted at Eton. *Notes and Queries* gives us the date (1863), but not the circumstances. It has now gone back to its proper place, but not, as I suppose, to its former duties. What seems strange is that among the list of names found carved upon it should appear those of Routh and Milman. That Wellesley should be there is not surprising, for bad boys often make good soldiers; but to find the President of Magdalen and the Dean of St. Paul's thus relegated to posterity (a word not inappropriate to the situation) is most unlooked for. Of course, they *might* have got in at the window of the torture-chamber by night and carved their names ("with their chisel so fine—tra-la!") upon the block; but the legend, in my time, was that these records were all inscribed by the victims themselves while under punishment. That while the birch, with its "long, stern swish," was descending upon their unprotected persons, they should busy themselves in this occupation was thought greatly to their credit; but still, in the view of the authorities, they were not being "swished" for nothing, but were naughty boys.

Russia is a "great country," though, upon the whole, one would rather not belong to it; and where it is greatest, or, at all events, largest of all, is in its honour-roll. The latest official report informs us that of its hundred millions of inhabitants no less than one per cent. are titled! Think of a million persons of title crowded together (for most of them live in St. Petersburg) in an area of a few miles! What a paradise for those diners-out who "never feel better pleased than when they have their legs under the mahogany of a person of quality"! What noble contents for a card-plate could be collected! What a visiting-list could be compiled there even in a single season! I wonder some of our numerous ladies who love a lord, and plenty of them, do not do it, and bring it home with them to hang up in their Bayswater hall instead of the authorised table of cab-fares. A million of titled persons! I suppose it does not affect a public that is used to it, any more than the jam-tarts tempt the pastrycook's boy, but it sounds what Calverley used to call "goluptious."

Of all the juvenile contributions to serious literature which have delighted mankind, the essay of the Board-school boy upon "Health," quoted by Mr. Barker, must be allowed to take the cake. The "teacher" had told the boy that early to bed and early to rise made a man healthy and wealthy and wise; but his father had inculcated different views—he said that "he was forced to be up early, and to be healthy too, else he would get the sack, and it was them who laid in bed, and cote their ten o'clock trains, who was the wisest and the best off." This is beautiful, and the Beautiful is also the True. The fact is, copy-book morality has fallen upon very evil times. I can remember when a proverb was thought incontrovertible: when such statements as "even the worm will turn if trodden upon" were held sufficient, without the modern addition, "but not if you tread hard enough." Nowadays every wise old saw is questioned, and has its teeth, so to speak, critically examined: however superficially sapient is the dogma, it is subject to the inquiry, "Will it wash?" or a doubt is expressed of its condition when it "comes to be tried." Proverbs have been defined to be "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," but their very existence would now be threatened save for their own marvellous forethought in providing "under-studies"—not, indeed, similar to themselves, but precisely the reverse—so that, when one is found to be fallacious, another presents itself to our notice stating the exact contrary, with "I am a proverb too!"

There are some words that are common enough in writing, and rarely used in speech, such as "the former" and "the other," as applied to the second of two persons. We say "this man" and "that man" (or even "im and 'im"), but "the other," without the addition of "man," is reserved for interlocutors in a novel, or the disputant who is doomed beforehand to defeat in a moral essay. A well-known example of the colloquial use is that of the gentleman who described the good effects of a glass of sherry on his constitution. "When I have drunk it," he said, "I feel another man, and then, of course, I am bound to offer a glass to the other man." When the subject, however, is a serious one, a certain solemnity seems imparted by the use of the shorter method even in speech. A western divine, I read, has been giving some moral advice to his son, about to enter upon a business career in New York. "It is always wicked to fight, my son, and, as a Christian minister, I warn you against it; but at the same time, if you do ever find yourself in a fight—find yourself, I say, with no way out—see that the right man is whipped." "But how shall I know who is the right man, father?" "The Other. In every crisis of life something must be taken for granted, and in a fight you must always assume that the man who ought to be whipped is the Other."

The lady known to fame as Miss Helen Mathers has lost the manuscript of the first volume of a novel, not "coming through the rye," but in a hansom cab. It is difficult to imagine a more serious loss, unless, indeed, of more manuscript. When a volume of Carlyle's "Frederick" was burnt, the materials out of which he made it were at least to hand. However genius had enlivened it, it owed its birth to cram and by cram it could be begotten again; but a story, unless its author is a plagiarist indeed, can never be thus reproduced. The attempt to rewrite it, even for purposes of improvement, is well known to be more difficult than its original composition; and to rewrite what has been utterly lost must be analogy, be almost impossible. There was, of course, carelessness on the part of the loser of the manuscript; no one of the male sex would have taken such an unreplaceable

article into a cab, or, if he had, would ever have lost hold of it; and at least his name and address would have been legibly inscribed on the manuscript, with the addition, "A reward will be offered to whomsoever brings this home." Still, every feeling heart must pity the lady. If it were a man, I could imagine him softly swearing to himself for hours. I say softly, because it has just been decided by the law that one may not swear aloud, even in the sacred (or profane) precincts of one's own home. Think of losing one's whole first volume!—the book in which youth and innocence more particularly play their parts, and even your villain has still some lingering virtues; in which your heroine's home and "early views" have been described (a difficult business, let me tell you, and all, so to speak, against the collar), and an excursus has been made among her progenitors, every bit of which you have as clean forgotten as though you were your future reader. I do sincerely pity Miss Helen Mathers.

Another lady has had her picture stolen from the miniature room of the Royal Academy. Let us hope the original is alive, and will consent to sit again: otherwise, this too will be difficult to replace. One can never do anything very satisfactory in the way of a likeness from memory, silhouettes, and a daguerreotype. There was balm at first in this case, because the papers said: "The thief was manifestly a judge of art, since he had taken (that is, abstracted) the best miniature in the room"; but now a female relative of the painter has written to say she is convinced that why this particular portrait was pitched upon was "because it was framed in a gold locket." Call you this backing of your friends, my lady?

It has been well said of selfish people that when they do "forget themselves" in an unselfish act they go the whole hog, like Mr. Scrooge making up his back payments to the charity collectors. Similarly, though we English are very rarely enthusiastic about our men of letters, where we are so there is no limit to our ecstasies. This has certainly been the case with the Browning cult: it has carried even the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery away with it, so far as to induce them to accept Mr. Rudolph Lehmann's fine picture of the poet, notwithstanding their hitherto inviolable rule to add no portrait to their gallery of any person who has not received the verdict of posterity, which it seems has been accurately fixed at ten years after death.

That "marriages are made in heaven" is a statement more often expressed than understood. The most, one fears, that can be truly said of them is that they ought to be. What is incumbent upon us is clearly to make them as near heaven as we can. This has been done at Lowell, Mass., where a couple of young people have been joined together in holy matrimony in a captive balloon. The clergyman, probably because of want of room in the car, was also "the best man"; and, as soon as his duties were over, he and the bridesmaids discreetly left the happy pair to themselves. They "knew the ropes," and came down them. Then the balloon was released, and the bridal couple sailed into space, where, from the last accounts, they still remain. This is so far exactly what happens at the nuptials of the Queen Bee, after which, however, the bridegroom is never seen again—an example, one hopes, which will not be followed in this case. It seems an admirable plan, and also extremely economical. To have asked the "10,000 spectators" to breakfast would have been a severe tax, unless, indeed, the bridegroom was one of the many American millionaires, so there was no breakfast at all. No nobleman or gentleman was laid under contribution to lend his mansion for the honeymoon. There were no carriages nor (unless, indeed, they took the form of advertisements, which is just possible) posters. No railway compartment had to be engaged. Above all, no vulgar anxiety could be satisfied as to where the happy couple were going to, for they did not know themselves. To get rid of their young people so instantly and completely, with a very good off-chance of their never coming back again, may be a subject of congratulation to many heads of families; but, putting that uncommendable reflection aside, it really seems that this device may be useful for providing the means of existence for impecunious bridegrooms, and dowries for portionless brides. If thousands of people will give a shilling to see a balloon go up with a saven and his scientific paraphernalia, how many thousand would give half a crown to see a bride and bridegroom start for their honeymoon in the air? It is a mere question of the Rule of Three.

Why is it, I wonder, that people who live "just out of town" will always contend that it is quite as convenient for reaching London as though they were in it? "Doesn't take me five minutes more—if that—than if I took a cab to Bayswater." They know that this is not true, and that we know that it is not true, and yet they persist in thus giving rein to their imagination. There would be many more of them if it were not that a large minority perish prematurely by bursting blood-vessels in catching trains. These out-of-town folk are also, to say the least of it, "flowery" in their accounts of the sunshine that prevails in their respective localities. "What beastly weather you fellows are having in London! Now, at *our* place this morning," &c. The only way to test the matter—and in the interest of truth everything should be sacrificed—is to go down and stay with them. Then you find out all about their trains and their weather, and thank Heaven more than ever that you live in town.

Some people are never tired of telling us that "instinct" is a synonym for "genius": they are so far right that it is certainly not the same thing as common-sense. A poor lady has been burnt to death through the misdirected efforts of a faithful mastiff, who guarded his mistress with such fury that her would-be rescuer was unable to afford her any assistance. This is quite on the same lines with the new theory which attributes death by drowning to the irrational

fidelity of the Newfoundland dog. It is a mistake to suppose that the "instincts" of four-legged creatures are all good ones, any more than those of the two-legged.

"There is no form of education," said Dr. Percival the other day, "so valuable as that open to a boy living in a comfortable home, and at the same time enjoying the advantages of a public school." In this remark there seems to be both wisdom and common-sense, but what immensely intensifies its value is that it was uttered by a head master. How noble of him, too! How different from the conduct of that famous surgeon who, when at his door a friend picked up a piece of orange peel on the pavement, and flung it in the gutter, put it back again, with the remonstrance, "What are you about?" It is certainly more profitable to a head master to have boarders than day scholars. How the world is changed since I was at school, when the most opprobrious term that one young gentleman could use to another was "day boy."

THE COURT.

The Queen has driven out nearly every day. On Sunday morning, July 13, her Majesty drove to Frogmore, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and the Duke of Connaught and Princess Margaret of Prussia, and afterwards attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum, where they were joined by the other members of the Royal family. The Bishop of Wakefield, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Bishop preached the sermon. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. Prince Alexander of Teck visited their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick, and remained to luncheon. The Queen, the Empress Frederick and her daughters, and several other members of the Royal family, were present at a garden-party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on the 14th. The Empress Frederick and Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia left Windsor Castle on the 16th, on the conclusion of their visit to the Queen. The Imperial party travelled by special train over the South-Western Railway to Portsmouth, and embarked in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which quitted the harbour next day for Gibraltar, whence the Empress and her daughters proceeded by sea to Greece. Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe returns to Germany. The Queen will entertain several members of the Royal family during her stay in the Isle of Wight, whither her Majesty was to proceed on the 18th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been leading their customary busy life. On July 10 their Royal Highnesses and Princesses Victoria and Maud were the guests of the Lords of the Admiralty at the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, where the Princess distributed the prizes. This interesting ceremony is described and illustrated on another page. On the 11th the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Earl and Countess Howe's ball at Curzon House, Curzon-street. Their Royal Highnesses on the 12th opened the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley Common, the New Wimbledon, as described and illustrated in this issue. The Prince and Princess, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh visited the Royal Italian Opera in the evening. The Duchess of Fife, accompanied by her husband, came to town on the 14th, and had lunch at Marlborough House. The Empress Frederick was also of the party. The Prince and Princess gave a garden-party at Marlborough House in the afternoon, to meet the Queen. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen were invited. In the evening their Royal Highnesses and Princesses Victoria and Maud visited the Royal Italian Opera.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by her daughters, inspected the collection of pictures by Ivan Aivassovsky, at the Goupil Galleries, on Saturday afternoon. The Duke and Duchess and family arrived at Portsmouth on July 15 from the Metropolis. Their Royal Highnesses will reside at Osborne Cottage, which has been placed at their disposal by her Majesty, for about three weeks, when the Duke will take up the naval command at Devonport.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale opened the summer exhibition of pictures at the Yorkshire Fine Art Exhibition, at York, on July 16. The ceremony succeeded that of laying the foundation-stone of new Courts of Justice by the Duke.

The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Empress Frederick's eldest daughter, recently ascended the Schneekoppe with her suite, and passed the night on the summit of that loftiest peak of the Giant Mountains.

ENO V. DUNN.

Referring to the paragraph taken from another paper, which appeared in our issue of June 28 last, in which it was stated that an "injunction" on the application of Mr. Eno, registered owner of the trade-mark "Eno's Fruit Salt," had been granted, restraining Mr. Dunn from using the words "Fruit Salt" in connection with his baking-powder, we regret that the effect of the proceedings was incorrectly stated. Mr. Eno, who is the registered owner of a trade-mark in which the words "Eno's Fruit Salt" appear, in conjunction with a distinctive design, and other words, did not make an application for an injunction, but opposed the application made by Mr. Dunn for leave to enter on the Register a trade-mark with the words "Dunn's Fruit Salt Baking Powder," which application was refused by Mr. Justice Kay, and this decision, having been reversed by the Court of Appeal, was upheld by the House of Lords.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson gave their second garden-party at Lambeth Palace on July 12. On this occasion the weather was most favourable, and a numerous company assembled.

The Queen (represented by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein) and Princess Christian were godmothers, and Prince Christian was godfather, to the infant daughter of Major Walter Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, at the christening which took place on July 13 in the Royal Chapel, near Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park. Archdeacon Baly officiated.

A congress of representatives from America and from European nations in furtherance of universal peace was opened on July 14, at Westminster Townhall, and after transacting formal business—the Hon. Dudley Field, New York, presiding—adjourned to the afternoon, when Mr. Field read the presidential address, in the course of which he commended England and Germany for settling a controversy which two centuries since would have blazed out into a terrible war. After his opening address, speeches were delivered by delegates representing the United States and various countries on the Continent. In the evening a conversation took place at the Townhall, the delegates and their friends being received from eight o'clock by the President and the Reception Committee.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The trial trip of Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Sweet Nancy" was, on the whole, very favourable. Audiences are apt to become impatient, particularly on a Saturday night, and an author who allows his play to last until midnight runs a very considerable risk; but this particular Saturday-night audience sat patiently, and sacrificed the parting glass, until the clock struck twelve at the Lyric Theatre. All this speaks volumes in favour of Nancy, and, by the time she is ready for Mr. A. M. Palmer's theatre in New York, I expect her skirts will be shortened that were found trailing on the ground, and that this delightful creature will be smartened up a bit. As for myself, I candidly own that I have never read Miss Rhoda Broughton's novel, nor do I think it is necessary to do so in order to enjoy Mr. Buchanan's play. But I can guess how a clever novelist would revel in the scenes that deal with the Grey children, how she would describe and enjoy, in the impudence of the Brat and Tow Tow, scenes that belong to the descriptive writer and not to the dramatist. Mr. Buchanan has very wisely kept all this episodical and incidental matter carefully in the background. He knows by experience well enough that a theatrical audience resents exactly what the novel-reader enjoys. A little more of these children, and they might have irritated instead of charmed. It is always the case when children are brought out of the nursery or the school-room. The central figure of the play is—as she should be—Nancy, and, thanks to Mr. Buchanan and Miss Annie Hughes, it is Nancy to whom all our interest is devoted. The play opens charmingly, and the "pleasant little devil," as Nancy calls herself, is realised to the very life by the clever actress. We understand her thoroughly—a romp, a tease, the favourite of her rough brothers, the idol of her younger sister. The scenes between the middle-aged soldier and the innocent child at the outset are charming—he so earnest, she so provokingly natural; he so bashful and diffident, she so assertive and demonstrative in her baby philosophy. Anyone can understand the position of the handsome General who is so strangely attracted by this child of nature. He has arrived at the age when, as a celebrated French dramatist puts it, "a man has fear" so far as a woman is concerned. His nervousness is, to the child, incomprehensible. What should she know of the world or love? She cannot precisely differentiate between her father and her lover, but she only knows vaguely that she fears the one and is attracted by the other. The father has a dictatorial, irritating way with him; the lover has a broad manly chest on which the child pillows her head, and there she feels "Oh! so restful!" So far, we seem to understand Nancy thoroughly.

It is when she becomes a married woman that she and her actions are not quite so intelligible. I am told that it was the object of the novelist to keep up the childlike innocence of Nancy to the very end, that she was to be the child-wife throughout—a most difficult task for dramatist and actress to perform on the stage. I cannot quite decide whether it was the fault of Mr. Buchanan or Miss Annie Hughes, but I candidly own that my warm interest in Nancy seemed to fade away directly she became a married woman. She seemed no longer natural, but artificial. She was a real girl, but not a real woman. There may be women whose childlike innocence is preserved through the cares of married life, women who are children to the very end; but they are phenomena, and surely it may be said that the innocence that is the cause of encouraging vicious men, and breaking innocent women's hearts, is a very dangerous kind of innocence. There is such a thing as instinct even with the most innocent women in the world; and a woman's instinct would tell her that there was something to be avoided in the companionship of a vicious man. A woman's instinct would impress upon her the danger of winning to her side the man who was to marry her own sister. Just conceive the position. Barbara, the sister of Nancy, is seriously attached to a modern cynic and blasé man of the world. Barbara and Nancy have their sisterly confidences. Nancy wants Barbara to marry the man she loves. The cynic is apparently attached to Barbara, and yet the innocent Nancy actually conceives she is assisting her sister's cause by attracting her lover to her side, and is so blind that she cannot see that the lover in question has no eyes for Barbara but all eyes for Nancy. So innocent, indeed, is Nancy that it comes upon her as a thunderclap when her sister's lover suddenly turns round and makes desperate and passionate love to Nancy, the wife of the cynic's best friend. Now, all this may be natural. Doubtless it has occurred in real life, but this particular quality of innocence is not such as would commend itself to our sympathies. The purest and most innocent women should be on their guard. Instinct puts them on their guard. Nancy may be true to life, but her attitude in this dilemma is not one that should be quoted as an example that young girls may very safely follow. You see, the difficulty is that Nancy is first presented to us as rather a knowing young lady; so far as her experience goes, she "knows her way about"; she can argue with surprising facility; she is jealous by instinct of a grass widow in whom her husband takes an interest; and yet she cannot, for the life of her, see that her sister's lover is making love to her. I cannot help thinking that Miss Annie Hughes did not quite get under the character at this juncture. It is a most difficult task, no doubt, requiring the greatest subtlety in distinction on the part of the actress; but I own that Nancy's attitude of mind when she was married I could not quite follow. I am reminded at this point of cynical Iago's remarks on women, and of a part of his description in particular—

She, that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

It would be difficult to secure an actor better suited to the part of the General than Mr. Henry Neville. He has all the passion of a young man preserved under the dignity and decorum of middle age. He is at once earnest and tender. He rules a woman with precisely the force that women love, and no more. He is never angry, always firm. He shows all the protective power of the father with the devotion of the lover. Presumably, this was exactly what Mr. Buchanan wanted in his hero. And there was another part excellently played—the boy-lover, by Mr. Esmond, the chivalrous youth who is caught in the dangerous snare set by the grass widow. The part was played in exactly the right spirit, naturally and without affectation, like a boy, but with all the budding enthusiasm of a man. I somehow think that more might have been made of the character of Barbara. In art, Barbara is a deliberate contrast to Nancy, but she is only a half-and-half contrast in the play. It looks to me as if "Nancy" were written with the deliberate intention of making it a "one part play," and Barbara was purposely kept down in order that the star's triumph might not be interfered with. Otherwise, the suppression of Barbara is unaccountable, for she is relatively as interesting as Nancy. If this be the case, if it be true that a clever author purposely kept Barbara under in order that the star heroine might not cry her eyes out or turn round and say, "Why, Miss So-and-So has got quite as good a part as mine," then we could not have a finer example of the evils of actor or actress management.

All credit to Miss Harriett Jay for doing what she did with Barbara. She played the part so charmingly that we wanted more of her. She should have been brought out of the background and put into relief. Miss Jay spoke Mr. Buchanan's pretty speeches admirably, but she was "Charles's friend," whereas she should have been Charles's companion. In interest there should not have been a pin to choose between Barbara and Nancy. Miss Harriett Jay was loyal to her task, and the very excellence of her acting showed what a beautiful part Barbara might have been made. It is said that "Nancy" has been long on the shelf, failing a stage Nancy. But was not the part precisely made for Miss Winifred Emery, who has shown Mr. Buchanan what she can do in sentiment and sport both in "Clarissa" and "Miss Tom Boy"? "Nancy" ought to have been another Vaudeville success, ought it not? However, it is very good as it is, and when it has been altered it will be a great deal better still.

I must postpone until next week my notes on the delightful rendering of "As You Like It" by the Daly Company at the Lyceum, and my description of Miss Ada Rehan's superb rendering of Rosalind, incomparably the best ever seen on the modern stage. We seem to live again with the "giants of old" when Miss Rehan acts. She sweeps everything before her with her grand style.

C. S.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

Among the prizes competed for at the Bisley meeting of the National Rifle Association, one of the most imposing cups is that presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is made of sterling silver throughout, mounted on a velvet plinth, and stands 2 feet 6 inches high. The cup is



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP,
AT THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

surmounted by a well-modelled figure of a Volunteer, holding a Martini-Henry rifle. It is inscribed, "National Rifle Association, Bisley Common Meeting, 1890. Presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. All Comers' Prize." The cup was manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill.

We present also, in this number of our Journal, Illustrations of the Princess of Wales firing the first shot on the new ground at Bisley, and of the tramway, the pavilions, the long-range butts, and other features of this "New Wimbledon."

Eighty thousand members of the Salvation Army, from all parts of the world, assembled at the Crystal Palace on July 15, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of that organisation. General Booth received a warm welcome.

The seventeenth annual street collection in connection with the Hospital Saturday Fund was held on July 12, when some 4000 ladies presided at 2400 collection tables in the principal thoroughfares and centres of the Metropolis. From an early hour in the morning ladies were busily engaged at the various markets. On the previous day the usual collection was made at the Corn-market. The cabs, as heretofore, displayed whip-pennants and window-bills, and carried small boxes. The boxes of the central districts were at the close of the day conveyed to the Memorial Hall, where they received the attention of a committee of bank clerks under the direction of Mr. Nichols, of the City Bank. The total contributions reached £2450, being £700 more than was obtained in the same localities on the occasion of Hospital Saturday last year. The £2450 was thus made up: Gold, £367; silver, £1365; bronze coin, £722; and bank-notes, £15. The bronze coin weighed over two tons. At Covent-garden Market a box contained £16 1s. 7d. The boxes in many of the outlying districts were in the charge of local committees, and the total of their contents was not ascertained at the time of going to press with our early edition.

An exhibition of Fine Arts and Industry is now open for a short time at Chislehurst, giving further attractiveness to one of the most delightful bits of true country within easy access of London. The exhibition embraces a very miscellaneous but at the same time interesting variety of work, ranging from oil paintings to Indian carvings. Among the former Sir Joshua Reynolds's and Romney's portraits of themselves, Turner's "Castle of St. Angelo," and specimens of the work of James Northcote, Cotes, Gainsborough, Nasmyth, deserve to be noticed. Mr. Herkimer contributes his well-known portrait of Mr. Archibald Forbes, and Mr. J. Anderson Rose lends that remarkable portrait of his mother, by that most able but desultory artist Mr. Frederick Sandys. Mr. George Allen, the Orpington publisher, lends a series of Mr. Ruskin's drawings, and Mr. Jeffrey Whitehead three cases of beautiful miniatures illustrating three centuries of that art. Porcelain, Oriental and European, carved ivory and wood, old plate and older glass, Venetian, Dutch, and English, and a small quantity of jewellery are all represented in the art section of the exhibition. Of the "industrial" portion we have some scruple in speaking, as many of the objects are offered for sale for the benefit of the local hospitals. We may, however, say that in many cases the "industrial" objects are quite worthy of their "art" companions, the loan of which reflects equally on the good taste and the liberality of the contributors.

ROYAL VISIT TO GREENWICH.

On Thursday, July 10, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Royal Hospital School at Greenwich, on the occasion of the annual distribution of prizes. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, were received by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Luncheon was prepared in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. Among the company were the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Viscount and Viscountess Wolseley, Countess Cadogan, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, M.P., Lord Alcester, Mrs. Ashmead-Bartlett, Lord Arthur Batley, Viscount Grimston, M.P., the Duchess of St. Albans, and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett proposed "The Queen" and "The Prince and Princess of Wales." The latter toast was briefly responded to by his Royal Highness.

After the luncheon the Royal party adjourned to the terrace to witness the musical drill and other evolutions performed by the scholars, who numbered 1100. A detachment of boys performed interesting feats in the large swimming-baths in the presence of the Royal party. The prize distribution followed in the gymnasium. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett expressed satisfaction at the progress of the school, and the Princess of Wales proceeded to give away the prizes. Among the successful scholars were W. G. Murrin and W. J. Pimm, challenge medals, and H. F. Lacy and S. Bartlett, silver medals, for general attainments and good conduct in the first class of the upper nautical school; A. E. Vines and F. Groves, special prizes, as best boys in the school; A. E. Vines, navigation and good conduct in the first class of the nautical school; S. A. King, G. Prideaux, H. Eden, C. Milner, and W. Fleville, general attainments and good conduct in the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth classes respectively. After the distribution of prizes, the boys were addressed by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and by the Prince of Wales, whose speech was greeted with loud cheers. These became still more enthusiastic when it was announced that an extra week's holiday would be granted to the scholars, at the special request of his Royal Highness. After the Royal party had partaken of refreshment on the lawn, a detachment of 150 boys danced a hornpipe in the courtyard, in the presence of the Prince and Princesses, before they returned to town.

THE PADDINGTON RECREATION GROUND.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Maud and Victoria, on July 9, visited the Paddington Recreation Ground, the site of the proposed North-West London Polytechnic and Recreation Ground. Their Royal Highnesses were escorted to a pavilion within the enclosure, where a detachment of the London Rifle Brigade formed a guard of honour. Lord Randolph Churchill presented an address on behalf of the committee, and in reply the Prince expressed his interest in the scheme proposed. A special programme of sports was provided for the occasion. At a meeting held after the departure of the Royal party—Sir John Lubbock, in the absence of the Duke of Cambridge, presiding—it was announced that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England and Wales had granted £1000 towards the acquisition of the ground. It is a plot of twenty-one acres, between Elgin-avenue to the south and Carlton-road to the north, bounded eastward by Portsdown-road and Elgin-terrace, Maida-vale, and surrounded by the thickly inhabited districts of Paddington, Marylebone, St. John's-wood, Kilburn, and, to the west, a detached portion of Chelsea and North Kensington, with an aggregate population of half a million. The need for an open space for cricket and other exercises had become so pressing that a resident, on his own responsibility, rented the twenty-one acres in question, and in January 1888, with the aid of £1000, supplied by a fund raised to give occupation to the unemployed of the district, converted what was then rough undrained pasture-land into an unrivalled recreation ground. The tenure of the land could only be assured for three years, which term will expire at the end of this year. It is proposed now to purchase the freehold, and hereafter to erect, upon the part nearest the entrance in Carlton-road, buildings necessary for a polytechnic institute—namely, a capacious hall, fit for exhibitions, entertainments, lectures, and music, one or two swimming-baths, covered gymnasiums, a library, workshops, and class-rooms. About one acre would be set apart for the buildings, so designed as to be capable of gradual erection as funds are available. The sum required to carry out the scheme is estimated at £100,000, of which about half will be required for the ground and half for the buildings.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French National Fête has been celebrated in Paris. The proceedings on Sunday, July 13, were very quiet. The members of two hundred choral associations, to the number of two thousand, assembled in the great square of the Louvre, and, in the presence of President Carnot, sang a new hymn, which M. Massenet had set to music. The same programme was repeated in the Machine Gallery on the Champ de Mars. The most popular feature in the fête is the military review, which was held on the 14th, at Longchamps. About twenty-five thousand men of all arms were on the ground, and, after going through a few simple manoeuvres, they marched past President Carnot and the distinguished visitors. At night there were illuminations, fireworks, and a Venetian fête, with military music, on the Seine. The National Fête seems to have been celebrated throughout France with much *éclat*.

The German Emperor is enjoying fine weather among the fjords of Norway.—The tenth German triennial shooting-match, which corresponds with the meetings of the English National Rifle Association, have just closed at Berlin. No English marksmen were represented at the meeting. The Emperor's prize was won by Herr Musch, of Meran, in the Tyrol. It consists of a valuable silver cup, accompanied by a diploma.

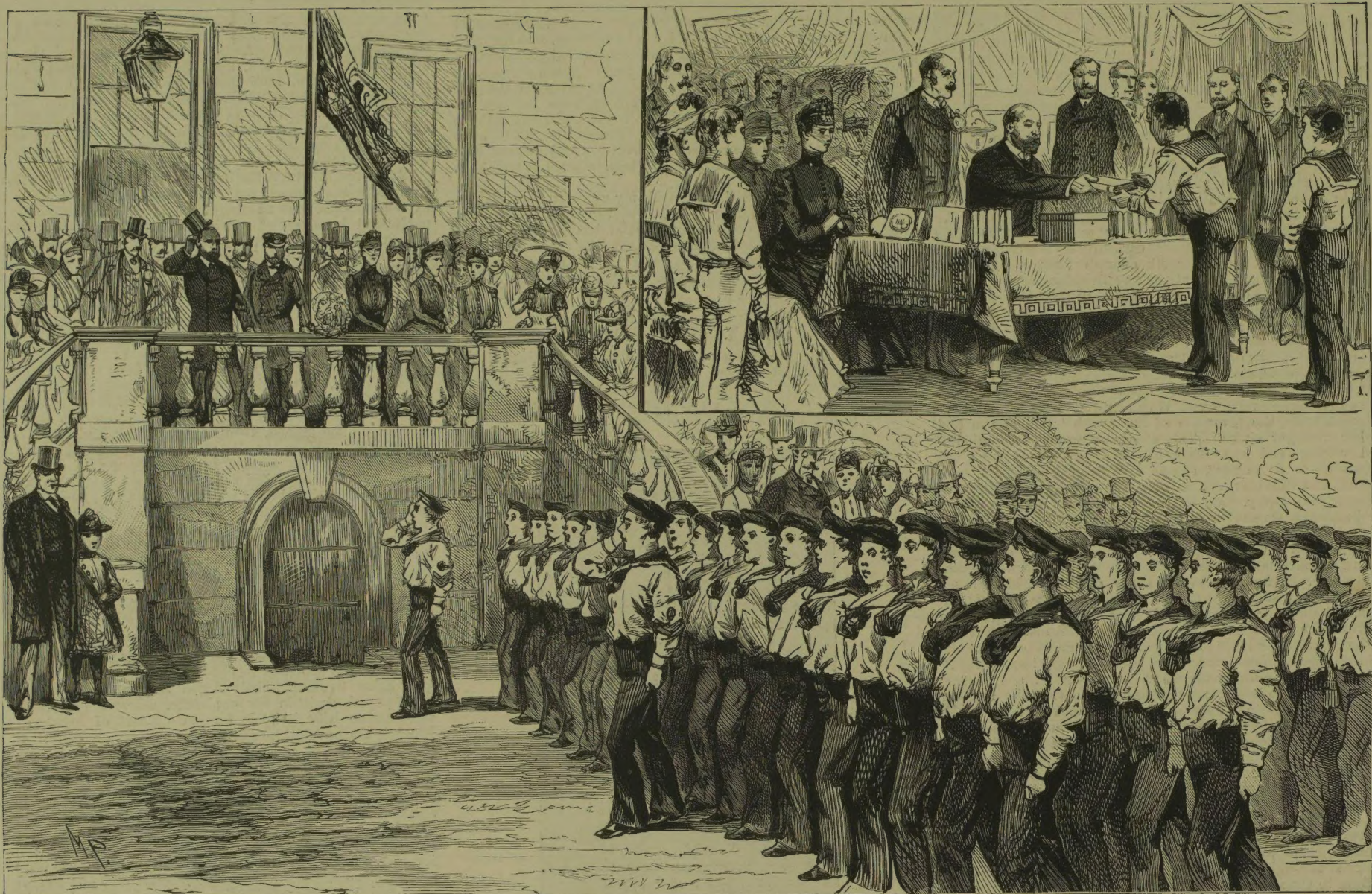
The marriage of Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis with the Archduchess Margaret Clementine took place on July 15 in the Sigismund Chapel of the Royal Palace of Buda.

Thunderstorms, floods, and heavy falls of snow are reported from Austria and Hungary. Great havoc has thus been caused among the cereal and fruit crops. Several rivers have overflowed their banks, and large tracts of country are inundated. The destruction of cattle and of various kinds of property has been very serious.

President Harrison has approved the Conference Silver Bill as passed by the United States Senate and House of Representatives.—General John Charles Fremont, who held a command for a time during the American Civil War, and was twice nominated for the Presidency of the United States, died on July 13, at the age of seventy-seven.—Great destruction was caused by a cyclone which broke over the town of St. Paul, Minnesota, and its vicinity on July 13. Some hotels were demolished, and an excursion steamer was capsized on Lake Pepin, with considerable loss of life.

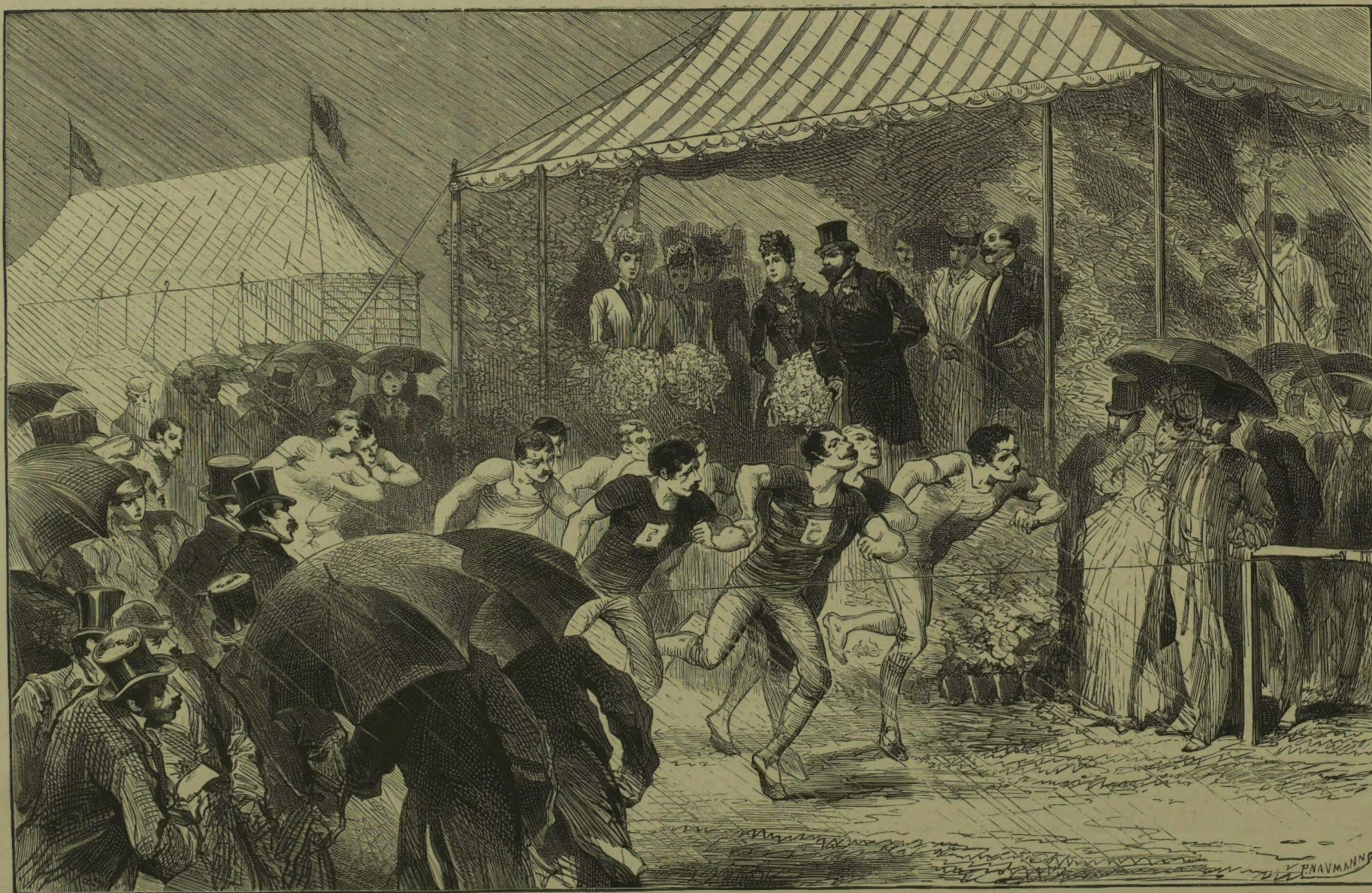
We learn from Capetown that Sir J. Gordon Sprigg's Ministry has given in its resignation, which has been accepted by the Governor. Mr. Sauer, the leader of the Opposition, has been sent for.

PRESENTING THE PRIZES.



THE MARCH PAST.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH, JULY 10.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE PADDINGTON RECREATION GROUND, JULY 9.



MARRIAGE OF MR. H. M. STANLEY AND MISS DOROTHY TENNANT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JULY 12.

MARRIAGE OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Tennant to Mr. H. M. Stanley was performed on Saturday, July 12, in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large congregation, including many persons of high distinction, rank, and fashion; but we sincerely regret to add that Mr. Stanley was suffering from the effects of an acute attack of illness—gastritis—which had commenced on the preceding Thursday evening. It was considered by his medical attendants—namely, Mr. T. H. Parke, army surgeon, one of his comrades in the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and Dr. Ewart—to be a renewal of the disease which so nearly proved fatal to his life, in the African forest, two or three years ago; but they were enabled to subdue its virulence, on this occasion, in a few hours, permitting Mr. Stanley, though in an enfeebled condition, to go through the wedding ceremony, which was a matter of public as well as of private interest.

Some preparations had been made to give a festive character to the scene in the Abbey: the nave and choir were carpeted with red cloth, and in the centre of the nave two magnificent wreaths of flowers, one sent by Mr. Stanley and Miss Tennant, the other by the officers of his Expedition, marked the grave of Livingstone. The seats under the lantern, in the south transept, and in the choir stalls were reserved for those who held tickets; the north transept was crowded with other people. On the steps to the altar were placed a number of baskets, covered with white silk, containing wedding favours, which after the ceremony were distributed by a number of ladies. On each favour, below the bow of white satin, hung a silvered card, cut out in the form of the African Continent, with the word "Africa" stamped on it, and showing the course of the Congo River.

The seats under the lantern were occupied by those intimately connected with the bride and bridegroom, among these being Mrs. Tennant and her daughter Mrs. Myers, with Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Sir W. Mackinnon, and the Duke of Abercorn. Among those present were Sir F. Leighton and Sir John Millais, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Lord Northbrook, the Duchess of St. Albans, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Arthur Hill, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Compton, Lord Brassey, the Secretary of the American Legation, Sir Lewis and Lady Pelly, Lord Justice and Lady Bowen, Sir Clare Ford, M. Du Chaillu, Mr. H. H. Johnston, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, Prince Malcom Khan, Sir Charles Tennant, and Mr. Edward Marston.

A few minutes before two o'clock the wedding march from "Lohengrin" was played by Dr. Bridge as Mr. Stanley entered the choir. He walked with the aid of a stout stick, accompanied by Comte D'Aroche, who had been sent by the King of the Belgians to act as best man, and by the groomsmen—Lieutenant Stairs, Dr. Parke, Captain Nelson, Mr. Bonny, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. Behind them came the black boy who has been Mr. Stanley's constant attendant in his travels. Mr. Stanley took his seat in an armchair, placed for him below the chancel steps. The Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Westminster, Archdeacon Farrar, and Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, with the clergy of the Abbey, then entered the chancel.

The strains of the organ announced the arrival of the bride at the west entrance, and she entered the choir, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Charles C. Tennant, and attended by two little bridesmaids, Miss Silvia Myers, her niece, and Miss Finlay, and by her nephew, Master Leopold Myers, aged eight, who wore a white page's dress of the time of Charles I.

The bride wore a skirt of white satin, embroidered with pearls, with a bodice and a long Court train of white corded silk; round her neck she wore a diamond necklace presented by Sir W. Mackinnon, from which was suspended the miniature of the Queen, surrounded by brilliants, the gift of her Majesty.

On the approach of the bride's procession Mr. Stanley rose from his seat, and the bride and bridegroom took up their position in front of the steps of the sacrum. Archdeacon Farrar having read the opening exhortation, the service was continued by the Bishop of Ripon. When the ring had been put on the bride's finger, the wedding party entered the sacrum and advanced to the altar rails, where the rest of the service was performed by the Dean and Canon Troutbeck. Then came Dr. Bridge's anthem "The Blessing of the Lord," composed for the occasion, and an impressive address to the newly married pair delivered by Dr. Butler. During this part of the service Mr. Stanley remained seated in a chair which had been placed in the sacrum for him. After the address by the Master of Trinity, the marriage hymn "Father of Life confessing" was sung by the choir, and after the final prayer the blessing was pronounced by the Dean.

As Mr. and Mrs. Stanley rose and passed down the choir, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played. The register was then signed in the Jerusalem Chamber, among the names appended to those of the bride and bridegroom being those of the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir F. Leighton, Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, the Duke of Abercorn, Sir W. Mackinnon, Colonel J. A. Grant, Mr. Charles C. Tennant, and Lord Justice Bowen.

On leaving the Abbey through the great west door, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were loudly cheered by the crowds outside the Abbey, and up Whitehall as far as Richmond-terrace.

After the ceremony Mrs. Tennant held a reception at her residence, 2, Richmond-terrace. It was considered advisable that Mr. Stanley should rest, but Mrs. Stanley on her appearance received the congratulations of her friends. At a later hour the bride and bridegroom, taking leave of their friends, left the house in an open carriage. Dr. Parke and Mr. Mounteney Jephson accompanied them to Waterloo Station, on their way to Melchet Court, near Romsey, which had been lent to them for the honeymoon by Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

Mr. Stanley, who is still attended by Surgeon Parke, was reported on the Tuesday following to be "free from fever and progressing favourably, quietness being essential to his recovery." He was able to enjoy long drives in the New Forest.

"Ye Odd Volumes," who are "united once a month to form a perfect Sette," had a conversazione at the Grosvenor Gallery on July 17.


The competition for the Charles Lucas prize at the Royal Academy of Music was decided on July 12. There were seven competitors, and the prize was awarded to Learmont Drysdale.

The marriage of Sir Charles Jessel, Bart., to Edith, second daughter of Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P., took place on July 15 at the West London Synagogue, Upper Berkeley-street.

By permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the annual Lambeth Flower Show, organised for the purpose of promoting window-gardening among the working classes of the parish, was held on July 15 in the Lambeth Palace grounds. The exhibits, which were rather above the average of previous years, numbered about seven hundred, and were displayed in a large marquee.

OBITUARY.

SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR, BART.



Sir Francis Seymour, Bart., K.C.B., Officer of the Legion of Honour, Knight Grand Cross of the Saxo-Ernestine Order, a General in the Army, late Groom-in-Waiting and Master of the Ceremonies to her Majesty, died on July 10, at his residence in Kensington Palace. He was born Aug. 2, 1813, the eldest son of Mr. Henry Augustus Seymour, M.A. Pembroke College, Cambridge. He entered the Army in 1834, and, passing through intermediate ranks, became Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1864, Lieutenant-General in 1873, and General in 1877. He served in the Crimean War from its commencement to its close, was present at all the great battles, and commanded the Scots Guards at Inkermann. He was there wounded, and again in the trenches before Sebastopol. He had the Crimean medal with four clasps, the Turkish war medal, the Legion of Honour, and the Medjidieh. In 1869 he was created a Baronet, and from 1871 to 1874 commanded the forces at Malta. Sir Francis was chosen, in 1838, by King Leopold to accompany Prince Albert in his travels, and continued to hold the office of a Groom-in-Waiting during his Royal Highness's lifetime. After the Prince Consort's death he was appointed a Groom-in-Waiting to her Majesty, and subsequently Master of the Ceremonies. He married, Aug. 25, 1869, Agnes Austin, eldest daughter of the Rev. Hill Dawe Wickham, M.A., Rector of Horsington, Somerset, and had, with three daughters—Victoria Alberta, goddaughter of her Majesty, who died in 1887, aged seventeen; Augusta Agnes Emma Margaret, and Helena Christina—one son, now Sir Albert Victor Francis Seymour, second Baronet, born Dec. 1, 1879, for whom H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, stood sponsor.

COLONEL THE HON. H. A. COLE.

Colonel the Hon. Henry Arthur Cole died on July 2. He was born Feb. 14, 1809, the second son of John Willoughby, Earl of Enniskillen, K.P., by Lady Charlotte Paget, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Uxbridge, and sister of Field-Marshal the first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G. He was formerly in the 12th Foot and 7th Hussars, served in Egypt in 1832, and in the Souakin Expedition in 1835. He sat for several years in Parliament—for Enniskillen from 1844 to 1851, and for the county of Fermanagh 1855 to 1880.

COLONEL WILLIAM PRYCE LEWES.

William Pryce Lewes of Llysnewydd, county of Carmarthen, late of the 96th Regiment, Honorary Colonel Carmarthen Artillery Militia, J.P. and D.L. for the counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan, and High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire in 1859, died at his seat near Llandysil, on July 7, aged seventy-six. He was son of the late Mr. William Lewes of Llysnewydd, of the Horse Guards (Blue), and represented an old Welsh family. He married, in 1837, Anna, elder daughter of Dr. James Beatty of Enniskillen, and leaves issue. The eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel William Pryce Llewellyn Lewes of Gwastod, county Cardigan, is J.P. for that county and Pembrokeshire.

MR. DAVID PUGH, M.P.

Mr. David Pugh, B.A., of Manoravon, in the county of Carmarthen, M.P. for East Carmarthenshire, died on July 12. He was born March 23, 1806, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel David Heron Pugh, D.L., of Manoravon, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Beynon. He was educated at Rugby and at Balliol College, Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1837, and served as High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire in 1874. He sat in Parliament for that county from 1857 to 1868, and again from 1885 to 1890. He was a Magistrate and a Deputy Lieutenant, and acted as Chairman of the Carmarthenshire Quarter Sessions, 1843 to 1852. His politics were Liberal.

LADY DOMVILLE.

Caroline, Lady Domville, widow of Sir William Compton Domville, third Baronet, of Templeogue, county Dublin, died on July 8, in her sixty-ninth year. She was sixth daughter of General the Hon. Robert Meade, second son of the first Earl of Clanwilliam, was married July 12, 1854, and leaves one son, the present Sir Compton Meade Domville, fourth Baronet, born in 1857, and one daughter, Mary Adelaide, wife of Colonel William Hutchinson Poë, C.B.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Commissary-General George Ignatius Pirkis of Penlee, Richmond, Surrey, on July 5, aged sixty-one.

General George de Sausmarez, H.M. Indian Army, a descendant of the senior line of the very ancient family of De Sausmarez of Guernsey, on July 4, after a long illness.

Alfred Waddilove, D.C.L., Trinity College, Oxford, barrister-at-law and advocate, of Doctors'-commons, on July 8, at Longcot, Bedford Park, in his eighty-fifth year.

Mr. John Ralls, the well-known botanist, at Penzance, on July 14, aged eighty-three. He was in constant correspondence with experts both in Europe and America, and was the author of many important works.

Mr. John Clayton, for many years the Town Clerk of Newcastle, and well known as an antiquary, on July 14, at The Chesters, near Hexham, Northumberland, aged ninety-nine years.

Mr. William Henry Chetwynd of Longdon Hall, Rugeley, in the county of Stafford, J.P. and D.L., on July 5, in his seventy-ninth year. He was second son of Sir George Chetwynd, second Baronet, of Grendon Hall, Warwickshire, M.P. for Stafford, by Hannah Maria, his wife, eldest daughter and coheiress of Mr. John Sparrow of Bishton Hall. He married Blanche, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Talbot, Rector of Ingestrie, and leaves issue.

Mr. George Norman of Goadby Hall, Leicestershire, in his eightieth year. He was the son of Richard and Lady Elizabeth Norman, of Melton Mowbray, and had held for about half a century the chief control over the estates of the fifth, sixth, and seventh Dukes of Rutland. Mr. Norman was an experienced agriculturist, a County Councillor for Leicestershire, and Chairman of the Melton Mowbray Bench of Magistrates.

Snow and floods in the Tyrol and the Engadine are reported. A coach was snowed up on the Julier Pass, and railway embankments have been washed away.

The first report of the Educational Food Fund shows that the experimental halfpenny dinners for school-children, organised by the Bread and Food Reform League and the London Vegetarian Society in conjunction with the London Schools Dinners Association, have proved most successful. The teachers report that the children thoroughly enjoy the vegetarian soup and wheat-meal bread provided, and that the system organised by the two societies gave maximum benefit and minimum trouble. It is hoped this system will be largely extended next winter.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

In Parliament, as elsewhere, the child is father of the man. Many members could barely conceal their boyish glee when they gathered from Mr. Smith's Ministerial statement in the thronged House of Commons, on the Tenth of July, that the Irish Land Purchase and the Tithes Bills would be relegated to the limbo of dropped measures, and that there was a fair probability at last of an early prorogation in August, qualified, it is true, by the First Lord of the Treasury's suggestion that the next Session would begin as soon as November next.

Albeit Mr. Gladstone, among others, immediately raised objections to a November sitting, the general effect of Mr. Smith's announcement was one of satisfaction. This was evident in the beaming looks of the majority of tired legislators as they streamed into the Lobby to chat over the prospect. A smile—a wan smile, but still a smile—actually lit up the hollow visage of Lord Randolph Churchill as he languidly left the House, relaxing for a moment the sphinx-like expression of Lord Beaconsfield he usually cultivates as one of that departed statesman's steadfast disciples. The rumour was current that afternoon, and in a usually well-informed Conservative journal too, that there was every probability Lord Randolph would re-enter a reconstructed Cabinet. But canards of this sort rise periodically only to be promptly brought down by semi-official contradictions. In another part of the Lobby the towering figure of Mr. Maclure was to be seen in the centre of a group, doubtless congratulating this genial and good-natured member upon his brother's appointment as Archdeacon of Manchester. Close by Sir John Gorst was being button-holed by another Indian authority, Mr. Bradlaugh, of whom and Mr. Maclure, by the way, an interesting story is told. One of Mr. Maclure's guests at dinner, Mr. Bradlaugh is said to have been very much taken with the manner of the Rev. Mr. Maclure, and remarked to his host, "Ah, if all clergymen were like your brother, I'd join the Church of England to-morrow!"

Lord Salisbury, on the same day, made his expected statement in the House of Lords respecting the Cession of Heligoland in moving the second reading of the Bill to sanction the Anglo-German agreement. Would that all speakers had as clear a style and plain a diction as the Prime Minister commands! With characteristic perspicuity did the noble Marquis justify the convention, which had already been signed in Berlin. He asked for its ratification on the grounds that it would strengthen the friendship existing between England and Germany. He claimed that her Majesty's Government would secure an advantage by obtaining Germany's recognition of our Protectorate over Zanzibar, and of our predominance in East Africa, through the simple process, mainly, of handing over the small Island of Heligoland to Germany. The Bill was read the second time, but not without some objections to the transaction being raised by the Earl of Rosebery—in the first place, on the score that the Heligolandians ought first to have been consulted, and that the Zanzibar Protectorate arrangement would increase our differences with France. To the same effect spoke Earl Granville and Lord Kimberley, who were neatly answered by Lord Salisbury and Lord Knutsford on behalf of the Government.

Lord Rosebery, it may be observed, has formally resigned the Chairmanship of the London County Council, which arduous and exacting post he has filled to the admiration and satisfaction of all who have witnessed the rare tact and conspicuous ability he has displayed. The experience gained on the Council by Lord Rosebery (who shortly leaves England for a well-earned holiday in Germany) cannot fail to be of the greatest service to him by-and-by in the highly important Ministerial position he is doubtless destined, and is certainly eminently qualified, to occupy in the near future.

Mr. Balfour continues to bear up bravely against the lively badgering he is subjected to by the Irish Home Rule members. The Secretary for Ireland, who has aged considerably since he accepted the thankless office, was not discomposed by Mr. William O'Brien's ruthless attempt to deprive him of his salary, nor by the vituperation of Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. Dillon. He vigorously defended his actions, and he had his reward from an unexpected quarter.

Mr. Parnell surprised Mr. Balfour and many other members on the Eleventh of July by making a studiously moderate speech, in which he suggested that a Land Arbitration Board measure might easily be passed through Parliament, and expressed the hope that the Secretary for Ireland would early next Session reintroduce the Land Purchase Bill, which is to provide £33,000,000 to enable poor Irish tenants to buy their holdings. He also entreated the Government to give the forthcoming local bodies in Ireland control over the sums to be advanced under the Land Bill. It was significant that Mr. Balfour, in recognising the marked moderation of Mr. Parnell's tone, promised that due consideration should be paid to the hon. member's counsels. True, Mr. Healy and other prominent Irish members have since afforded fresh proofs of their natural excitability, and have again rated Mr. Balfour in set terms; but the remarkable speech of Mr. Parnell remains the most important factor of the series of Irish debates. We are all thankful the close of the Session is near. The prorogation will be heralded by the Lord Mayor's Mansion House banquet to her Majesty's Ministers on the Sixth of August, when Lord Salisbury will favour us with his customary review of Imperial politics.

Mr. David S. Capper, M.A., A.M.I.C.E., has been elected to the Professorship of mechanical engineering at King's College, London.

Canon Maclure, Vicar of Rochdale and Archdeacon of Manchester, has been appointed Dean of Manchester in the room of the late Dean Oakley.

The annual general meeting of the Victoria Institute was held on July 14, by kind permission, at the House of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, the President, Sir G. Gabriel Stokes, Bart., M.P., in the chair, and was very fully attended.

The christening of the youngest daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark, who was born on May 22, took place on July 9. The sponsors were the King and Queen of Denmark, the Empress of Russia, Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark, and others.

The Clyde yachting fortnight finished on July 14 with the second day of the Royal Northern Yacht Club's programme. In the first-class match the Iverna was the winner of the £50 prize, the Valkyrie being second, and the Thistle third. In the other classes the winners were the Samœna and Amphitrite, Warhound and Castanet, Chiquita and Dragon, Woodcock and Phantom. The Lethe and Wendur collided and gave up.

A meeting was held on July 14, by permission of Lord Brassey, at 24, Park-lane, in aid of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India, which is supported by the Countess of Dufferin's Fund. The association, which hoped to spend £1000 a year on the work, is at present hampered for want of funds, and a resolution calling for subscriptions in support of the movement was adopted.

OPENING OF "THE NEW WIMBLEDON."

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S NEW GROUND AT BISLEY.

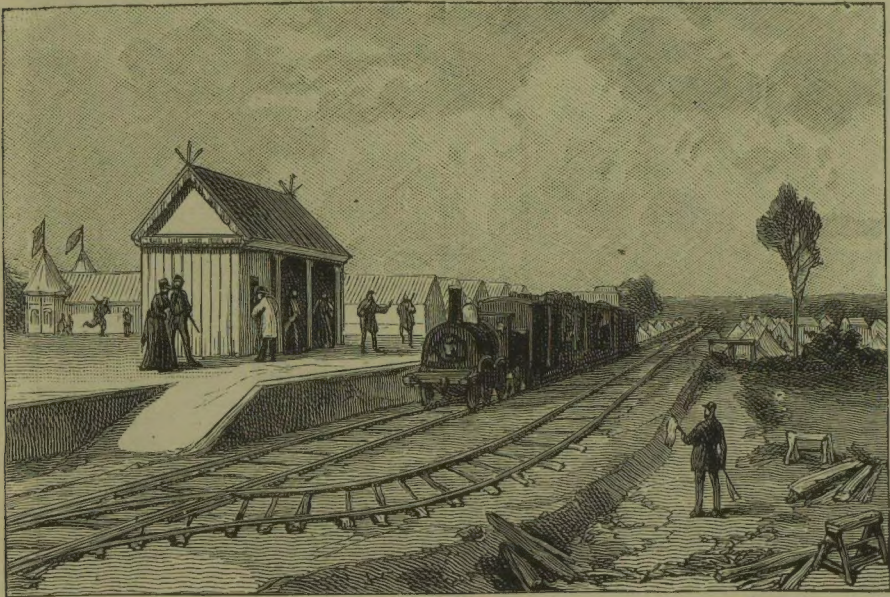
"The New Wimbledon"—as popular humour calls it—the new ground at Bisley chosen for the annual meetings of the National Rifle Association instead of Wimbledon Common—was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Saturday, July 12, when her Royal Highness fired the first shot, as the first shot on the old Wimbledon ground was fired by her Majesty the Queen thirty years ago.

A Plan of the new ground, camp, ranges, and buildings on Bisley Common, adjacent to the Brookwood Station of the London and South-Western Railway, a little more than twenty-seven miles from London, was given in our last week's publication, with a general view and several other sketches, to which some illustrations are now added. Referring again to the Plan, it will be seen that the arrangement on which it has been laid out is compact and convenient; the different camps and all the temporary homes and working places of men form the radiating centre, from which the aspect is outward to the butts. Starting from Brookwood Station, the road runs gently upward some fifteen or twenty minutes' walk to the Clock Tower, a little beyond the centre of the Camp, but important as standing upon the highest point, and affording the best and largest view of the ground generally, including the ranges. But most visitors will run up into the Camp by the tramway which has been laid down, from a point beyond Brookwood, on the London and South-Western Railway, to a station in the heart of the Camp, the passengers

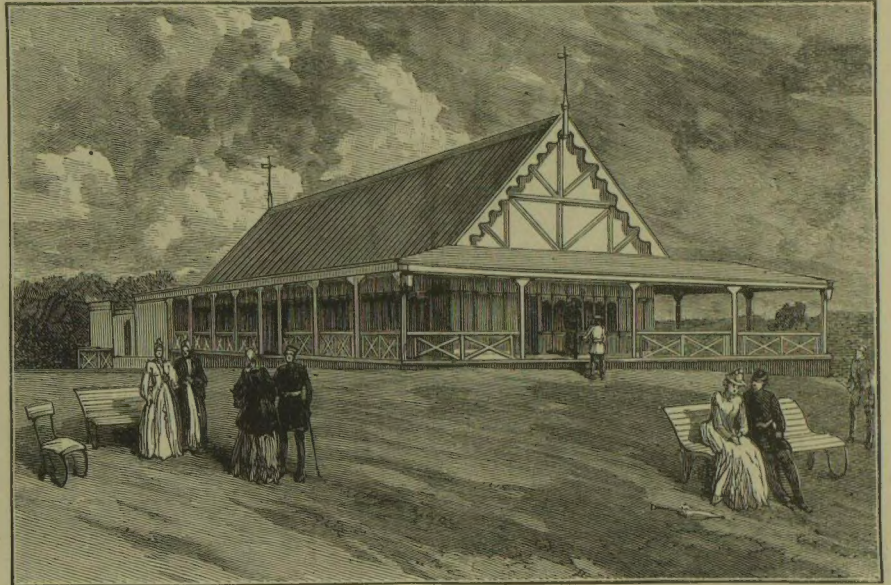
alighting close to the club tents, the great refreshment pavilion, the exhibition tent, the bazaar, and the offices in which all the business of the Association, the Camp post and telegraph office, the Press reporters, and the Camp printers is done. These all lie to the right of the tramway; to the left are the tent lines of the National Rifle Association, in which the Volunteers, principally from the provinces, whose corps have not a regimental enclosure, are encamped. There are also, to the left, the regimental enclosures, being the little camps which Metropolitan Volunteer corps have established. Beyond the tramway station, to the left, the range officers have their quarters; a little farther on, the Camp for members of the Association has been pitched. To the right of the tramway station, besides the club tents, the pavilion, the exhibition tent, bazaar, and offices, are the Umbrella Tent, where men will congregate in the luncheon hour; the huts erected for the more luxurious shooting-men who shun the discomforts of a tent; the quarters for the police, those for the civilian staff, and the camps of some accessory services. As far as is possible, the hedgerows, bushes, and trees of the land in its former state have been preserved, while the rough ground has been made smooth. To get an idea of how the ranges lie, the visitor will proceed from the railway terminus up a grassy and bushy slope to the Clock Tower and Flagstaff, the prominent points of the Camp. From here one gets a splendid view of the country all round. Northward and north-westward, the view is closed by the Chobham Ridges; southward, at a much greater distance, the line of the Hog's Back between

Guildford and Farnham runs beyond a heathery valley; eastward, the country is fairly level, but green and pleasant, with villages and detached farmsteads peeping out amid the trees; westward, the Fox Hills hide Aldershot from view, but with the Guards' Pirbright Camp, and another camp by Stoney Castle, not far beyond the Bisley boundaries. Close to the Clock Tower the Running Man target lies north-westward, and to the right one looks along the line of the great butt, and right across its ranges back to the firing-points; and, still farther beyond these, to smaller butts for 200 and 600 yards shooting. Just to the eastward of the Clock Tower are the firing-points for the 1100-yards ranges, with their butts far out beyond Hog Lees and Stickledown; a little farther eastward are the Running Deer and revolver ranges. Altogether, the ground and ranges seem to have been laid out to the greatest advantage.

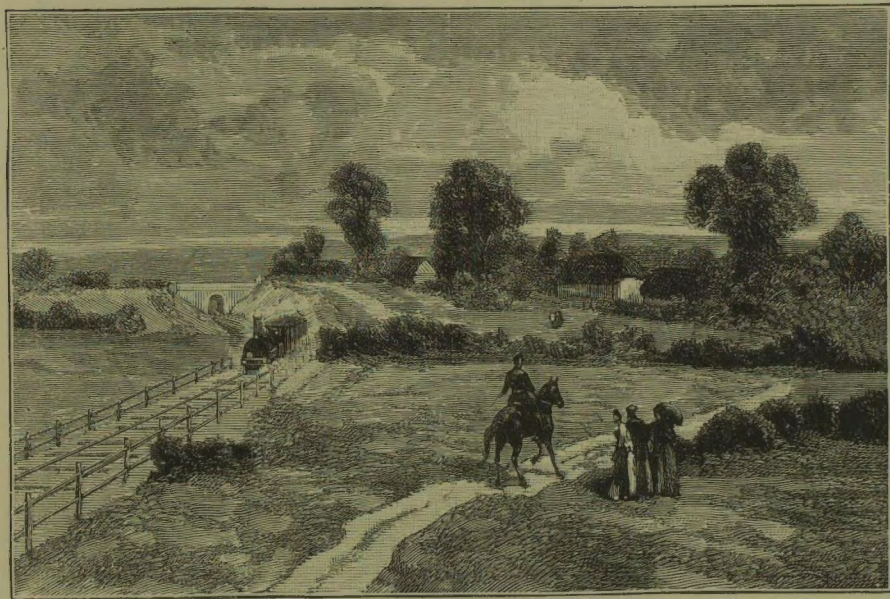
On the opening day the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud and the Duke of Cambridge, left Waterloo by special train at half past three, and arrived at Brookwood shortly after four. The saloon was passed on to the new tramway, and a bright little engine, named Alexandra, decorated with trophies of flags and flowers, speedily brought it to the centre of the camp. Here was a numerous assembly of visitors gathered, with Lord and Lady Wantage at their head, by whom the Royal visitors were loyally received. The Duke of Connaught, who had driven over from Bagshot, was also present. A guard of honour, under Captain Payne, was furnished by the 2nd West Surrey Regiment, and a small escort of the 19th Hussars was ready



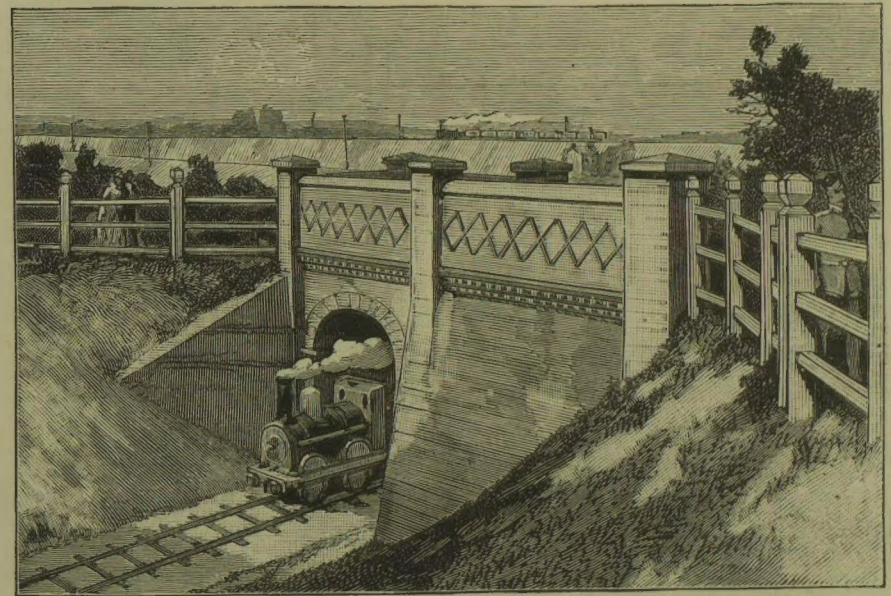
THE CAMP STATION.



THE STAFF PAVILION.



COWSHOT FARM.



BRIDGE AT COWSHOT FARM.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S NEW GROUND, BISLEY COMMON, SURREY.

to conduct their Royal Highnesses to the firing-point at the mid-ranges. Here, in front of the great butt, two or three pavilions had been erected; a few yards in advance, under an umbrella-like awning, quietly reposed the magazine rifle that was to initiate the shooting campaign on Bisley Common.

A few paces in front of the largest marquee stood the Prince of Wales, with the Princess of Wales on his right, and their daughters behind her. The Duke of Connaught was just behind his brother, with Lady Wantage, Earl Brownlow, Earl Waldegrave, and Sir Frederick Abel on his left. Facing the Prince of Wales was the Duke of Cambridge, with Lord Wantage and Sir Henry Fletcher, M.P., in full uniform, behind him, and Captain St. John Mildmay near at hand. The groups on either side included Prince Louis Esterhazy, Countess Spencer, the Earl of Wemyss, Countess Waldegrave, the Countess of Romney, Viscount and Viscountess Bury and the Hon. A. Keppel, Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, Sir William and Lady McMurdo, and Sir Henry Halford, who was to assist the Princess in firing at the target.

The Duke of Cambridge, as President of the National Rifle Association, addressed the Prince of Wales, thanking him and the Princess for their presence, and recalling the fact that the Queen and the late Prince Consort, thirty years ago, inaugurated the first meeting at Wimbledon, where thirty consecutive meetings had since been held. The Prince of Wales replied, expressing his satisfaction with the progress of the National Rifle Association, and saying to the Volunteers, in whose interest this Association has been more especially founded, that to attain a high standard of merit, and to make the rifle to-day what the bow was in the days of the Plantagenets, is a peculiarly appropriate object of ambition to those who stand forth in the defence of their country. Lord Wantage, on behalf of the Executive Council of the Association, made some remarks on the arrangements which had been needful on Bisley Common, and invited the Princess of Wales

to fire the first shot at the new ranges. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught briefly acknowledged Lord Wantage's remarks.

The Princess was then conducted to the spot where the rifle had been placed in position ready for her to fire. Sir Henry Halford, in sighting the rifle earlier in the day, had found the bull's-eye, and, having found it, the rifle was placed at the same elevation for the Princess. Attached to the trigger was a silken cord, and when the bugle had sounded the "fire" the Princess pulled the cord and the bullet sped to No. 12 target, 500 yards distant, to which it was directed, the impact being distinctly heard. The discharge of the rifle was followed by hearty cheers, which were renewed when the signal showed that the bullet had hit the bull two inches off the centre. Lord Wantage then presented the Princess with the Gold Medal of the Association. The Royal party remained till the carton which had been placed over the centre of the target was brought up and presented to the Princess, who seemed highly pleased to discover that the shot had penetrated the bull's-eye. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards inspected the boys from the Gordon Boys' Home at Sandhurst, who gave three cheers for the Prince and Princess, and "one cheer more" for the Duke of Cambridge. The targets were next visited by the Prince and Princess, who were also driven round the Clock Tower hill, whence a fine general view of the Camp was obtained. The Royal visitors afterwards partook of tea in the pavilion, and shortly before six o'clock left the Camp for London, the Royal train departing amid an outburst of cheering.

On Monday, July 14, the principal competition was for the Alexandra Prize, which was won, late in the afternoon, by Lance-Corporal Sillery, 1st Berkshire, with an aggregate of 68, only one short of the highest possible at each range. This total has been reached twice before.—The principal event on the 15th was the opening stage of the Queen's Prize, for which the

average of shooting was exceptionally high, considering the alterations in targets, which make the test more severe than in former years at short ranges. The best scores recorded at 200 yards were those of Lieutenant Wakeman, 1st Wilts, and Captain Fergusson, Cameron Highlanders, each of whom scored within one point of the highest possible.

The Marchioness of Lorne journeyed to Sevenoaks, on July 15, in order to open a bazaar which, by the permission of Lord Sackville, was held in Knole Park, on behalf of the Kent Nursing Association.

Lord Rosebery has now formally resigned the Chairmanship of the London County Council, and the position was on July 15 declared vacant by the Vice-Chairman, Sir John Lubbock. When Lord Rosebery's letter of farewell was read, the unanimous feeling in the Council was one of regret that this inevitable separation should take place, and that an arrangement which had worked so admirably should come to an end.

In commemoration of their golden wedding the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Harold Browne were, on July 15, presented at Farnham Castle, on behalf of the clergy and the laity of the diocese, with a handsome silver-gilt cup, an album containing the names of subscribers, numbering over 1400, and a purse containing £721, to be devoted to any diocesan object the prelate may select. There was a large gathering to witness the ceremony. The presentation was made by the Lord Lieutenants of Hampshire and Surrey, Lord Selborne and Lord Lovelace. The following telegram was received by the Bishop from the Queen: "Pray accept, as well as Mrs. Harold Browne, my best wishes for this eventful day and for good health and happiness.—V.R.I." Afterwards there was a garden-party, the company including the Duchess of Albany, the Dowager Lady Hertford, the Bishop of Guildford, and the Dean of Winchester.

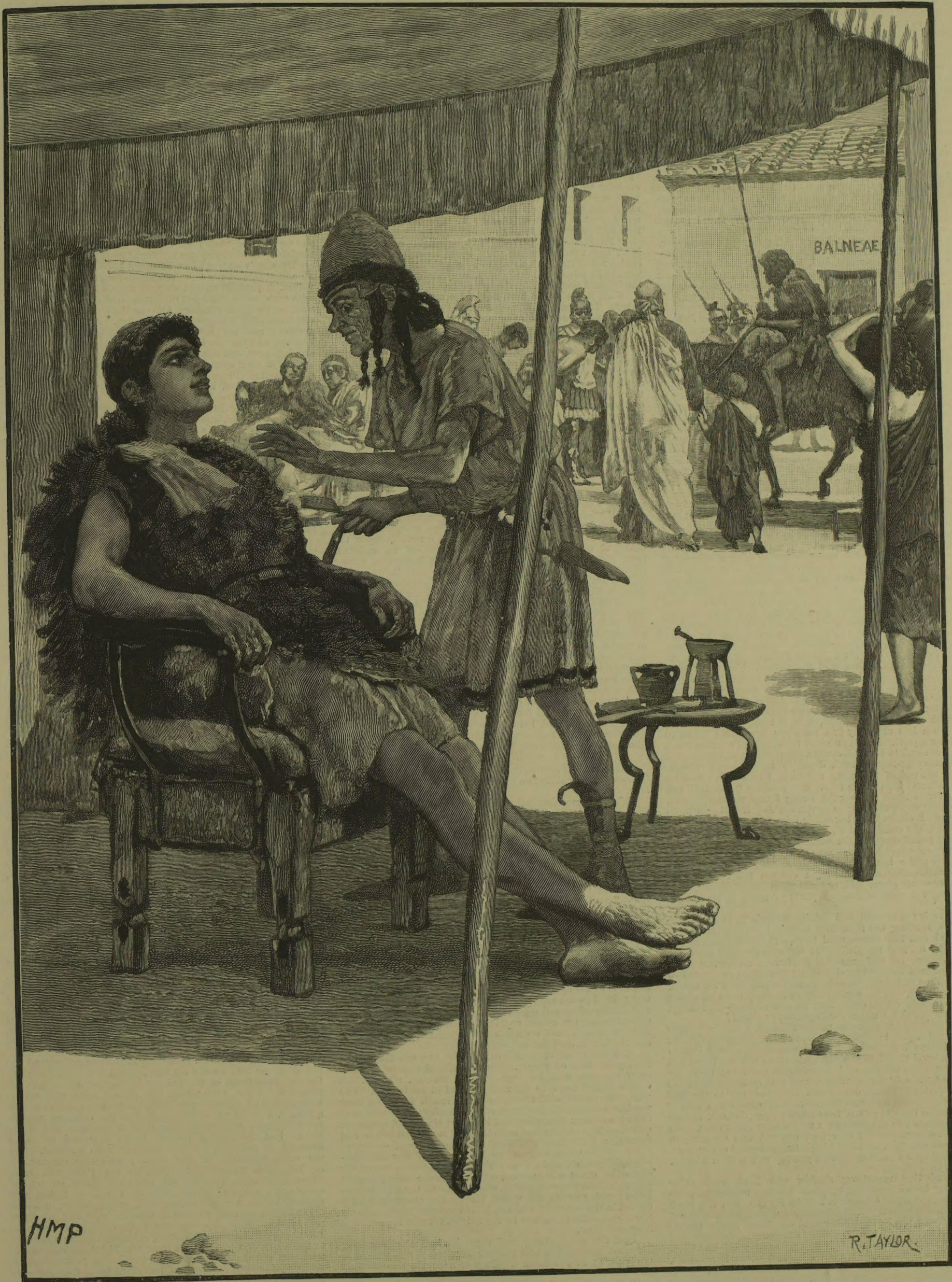


THE LONG-RANGE BUTT: 1100 YARDS.



THE PAVILION.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S NEW GROUND, BISLEY COMMON, SURREY.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

"Ah! that was a bad slash, indeed, Sir, wasn't it?" queried the barber in my ear. "May I ask in what war you took it?"

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER III. (Continued).

One of my first active desires was for breakfast—nor, as my previous meal had been four centuries earlier, will I apologise for this weakness. But where and how should it be had? This question soon answered itself. Sauntering hither and thither, the low shoulder of the ridge was presently crossed and a narrow footway in the woods leading to some pleasant pastures entered upon. Before I had gone far up this shady track, a pail of milk in her hand, and whistling a ditty to herself, came tripping towards me as pretty a maid as had ever twisted a bit of white hawthorn into her amber hair.

I let her approach, and then, stepping out, made the most respectful salutation within the knowledge of ancient British courtesy. But, alas! my appearance was against me, and Roman fancies had peopled the hills with jolly satyrs, for one of which no doubt the damsel took me. As I bowed low the dust of centuries cracked all down my back. I was tawny, and grim, and unshaved, and completely naked—though I had forgotten it—and even my excellent manners could not warrant my disingenuousness against such a damning appearance. She screamed with fear, and, letting go her milk-jar, turned and fled with a nimbleness which would have left even the hot old wood-god himself far in the rear.

However, the milk remained, and, peering into the pitcher, here seemed the very thing to recuperate me by easy stages. So I retired to a cosy dell, and, between copious draughts of that fine natural liquor, overwhelmed with blessings the sleek kine and the comely maid who milked them. Indeed, the stuff ran into my withered processes like a fresher stream into a long-dry country, it consoled and satisfied me, and afterwards I slept as an infant all that night and far into another sun.

The next day brought several needs with it. The chief of these were more food, more clothes, and a profession (since fate seemed determined to make me take another space of existence upon the world). All three were satisfied eventually. As for the first two, I was not particular as to fashion or diet, and easily supplied them. In the course of a morning stroll a shepherd's hut was discovered, and on approaching it cautiously the little shed turned out to be empty. However, the owner had left several sheepskin mantles and rough homespun cloths on pegs round the walls, and to these I helped myself sufficiently to convert an unclothed caveman into a passable yeoman. Also, I made free with his store of oat cakes and coarse cheese, putting all not needed back upon his shelf.

Here I was again, fed and clothed, but what to do next was the question. To consider the knotty matter, after spending most of the day in purposeless wandering I went up to the top of my own hill—the one that, unknown to everyone, had the cavern in it—and there pondered the subject long. The whole face of the country perplexed me. It was certainly Britain, but Britain so amplified and altered as to be hardly recognisable. Wide fields were everywhere, broad roads traversed the hills and valleys with impartial straightness, the great woodlands of the earlier times were gone or much curtailed, while wonderful white buildings shone here and there among the foliage, and down away in the west, by a river, the sunbeams glinted on the roofs and temple fronts of a fine, unknown town. That was the place, it seemed to me at length, to refit for another voyage on the strange sea of chance; but I was too experienced in the ways of the world to travel city-wards with an empty wallet. While meditating upon the manner in which this deficiency might be met, the golden store of coins left in the cave below suddenly presented themselves. The very thing! And, as heavy purple clouds were piling up round the presently sinking sun, earth and sky alike presaging a storm that evening, the cavern would be a convenient place to sleep in.

Finding the entrance with some difficulty, and noticing, but with no special attention, that it looked a little larger than when last seen, my first need was fire. This I had to make for myself. In the pouch of the shepherd's jerkin in the length of rough twine; this would do for matches, while as a torch a resinous pine-branch, bruised and split, served well enough. Fixing one end of the string to a bush, I took a turn round a dry stick, and then began laboriously rubbing backwards and forwards. In half an hour the string fumed pleasantly, and, something under the hour—one was nothing if not patient in that age—it charred and burst into flame.

Just as the evening set in, and the earth opened its pores to the first round drops of the warm-smelling rain that pattered on the young forest leaves, and the thunder began to murmur distantly under the purple mantle of the coming storm, my torch spluttering and hissing, I entered the vast gloomy chamber of my sleep, and, not without a sense of awe, stole up along the walls, a hundred yards or more, to my strange couch.

The coins were safe, and shining greenly in their earthen jar: so, sticking the light into a cleft, I poured them on to the sand, and then commenced to tuck the stuff away, as fast as might be, into my girdle. It was strange, wild work, the only company my own contorted shadow on the distant rocks and such wild forms of cruel British superstition as my excited imagination called up, the only sound the rumble of the storm, now overhead, and the hissing drip of the red resin gleaming on the wealth, all stamped with images of long-dead Kings and Consuls, that I was cramming into my pouch!

By the time the task was nearly finished, I was in a state of nerves equal to seeing or hearing anything—no doubt long fasting had shaken a mind usually calm and callous enough—and therefore you will understand how the blood fled from my limbs and the cold perspiration burst out upon my forehead, when, having scarified myself with traditions of ghouls and cave devils, I turned to listen for a moment to the dull rumble of the thunder and the melancholy wave-like sigh of the wind in the trees even here audible, and beheld, twenty paces from me, in the shadows, a vast shaggy black form, grim and broad as no mortal ever was, and red and wavering in the uncertain light, seven feet high, and possessed of two fiery, gleaming eyes that were bent upon my own with a horrible fixity!

I and that monstrous shadow glared at each other until my breath came back, when, leaning a moment more against the side of the cavern, I suddenly snatched the torch from its cleft with a yell of consternation that was multiplied a thousand times by the echoes until it was like the battle-cry of a legion of bad spirits, and started off in the supposed direction of the entrance. But before ten yards had been covered in that headlong rush, I tripped over a loose stone, and in another moment had fallen prone, plunging, thereby, the spluttering torch into one of the many little pools of water with which the floor was pitted. With a hiss and a splutter the light went out, and absolute darkness enveloped everything!

Just where I had fallen stood a round boulder, a couple of yards broad, it had seemed, and some five feet high. I sprang to this, instinctively clutching it with my hands, just as those

alominable green eyes, brighter than ever in the vortex, got to the other side, and hesitated there in doubt. Then began the most dreadful game I ever played, with a forfeit attaching to it not to be thought of. You will understand the cave was absolute sterile blackness to me, a dim world in which the only animated points were the twin green stars of the cruel ghoul, my unknown enemy. As those glided round to the one side of the little rock, I as cautiously edged off to the other. Then back they would come, and back I went, now this way and now that—sometimes only an inch or two, and sometimes making a complete circle—with every nerve at fullest stretch, and every sense on tiptoe.

Why, all this time, it may be asked, did I not run for the entrance? But, in reply, the first frightened turn or two round the boulder had made chaos of my geography, and a start in any direction then might have dashed me into the side of the cave prone at the mercy of the horrible thing, whose hot coarse breath fanned me quicker and quicker, as the game grew warm and more exciting. So near was it that I could have stretched out my hands if I had dared and touched the monstrous being that I knew stood under those baleful planets that glistened in the black firmament, now here and now there.

How long exactly we dodged and shuffled and panted round that stone in the darkness cannot be said—it was certainly an hour or more; but it went on so long that even in my panting stress and excitement it grew dull after a time, so monotonous was it, and I found myself speculating on the weather while I danced *vis-à-vis* to my grim partner in that frightful pastime.

"Yes," I said; "a very bad storm indeed [once to the left], and nearly overhead now [right]. It is a good thing [twice round and back again] to be so [a sharp spin round and round—he nearly had me] conveniently under cover [twice to the left and then back by the opposite side]!"

Well, it could not have lasted for ever, and I was nearly spent. The boulder seemed hot and throbbing to my touch, and the floor was undulating gently, as it does when you land from a voyage; already fifty or sixty green eyes seemed circling in fiery orbits before me, when an extraordinary thing befell.

The thunder and lightning had been playing wildly overhead for some minutes, and the rain was coming down in torrents (even the noise of rushing hill-streams, being quite audible in that clear resonant space), when, all of a sudden, there came a pause, and then the fall of a Titanian hammer on the dome of the hill, a rending, resounding crash that shook mother earth right down to her innermost ribs.

At the same instant, before we could catch our breath, the whole side of the cave opposite to us, some hundreds of paces of rugged wall, was deluged with a living, oscillating drapery of blue flame! That magnificent refulgence came down from above, a glowing cascade of light. It overran the rocks like a beautiful gauze, clinging lovingly to their sinuousness, and wrapping their roughness in a tender, palpitating mantle of its own winsome brightness. It ran its nimble fiery tendrils down the veins and crevices, and leapt in fierce playfulness from point to point, spinning its electric gossamers in that vacuum air like some enchanted tissue spread between the crags; it ran to the ledges and trickled off in ambient, sparkling cascades, it overflowed the sandy bottom in tender sheets of blue and mauve, feeling here and there with a million fingers for the way it sought, and then it found it and sank, as silent, as ghostly, as wonderful as it had come!

All this was but the work of an instant, but an instant of such concentrated brightness that I saw every detail, as I have told you, of that beautiful thing. More; in that second of glowing visibility, while the blue torch of the storm still shone in the chamber of the underground, I saw the stone by me, and beyond it, towering amazed and stupid, with his bulky strength outlined against the light, a great cave bear in all his native ruggedness! Better still, a bowshot on my right was the narrow approach of the entrance—and as the gleam sank into the fether world, almost as quick as that gleam itself, with a heart of wonder and fear, and a foot like the foot of the night wind overhead, I was gone, and down the sandy floor, and through the gap, and into the outer world and midnight rain I plunged once more, grateful and glad!

After such hairbreadth escapes there was little need to bemoan a wet coat and an evening under the lee of a heathery scar.

When the morning arrived clear and bright, as it often does after a storm, I felt in no mood to hang about the locality, but shook the rain from my fleece, and breakfasting on a little water from the brook, a staff in my hand, and my dear-bought wealth in my belt, set out for the unknown town, whose wet roofs shone like molten silver over the dark and dewy oak woods.

Five hours' tramping brought me there; and truly the city astonished me greatly. Could this, indeed, be Britain was the constant question on my tongue as I trod fair white streets, with innumerable others opening down from them on either hand, and noticed the evidence of such art and luxury as, hitherto, I had dreamed the exclusive prerogative of the capital of the older empires. Here were baths before which the Roman youth dawdled; stately theatres with endless tiers of seats, from whose rostra degenerate sons of the soil, aping their masters in dress and speech, recited verse and dialogue trimmed to the latest orator in fashion by the Tiber. Mansions and palaces there were, outside which the sleek steeds of Consuls and Prætors champed gilded bits, while waiting to carry their owners to gay procession and ceremonial; temples to Apollo, and shrines to Venus, dotted the ways, forums, market-places, and the like in bewildering profusion.

And among all these evidences of the new age thronged a motley mixture of people. The thoughtful senator, coming from conclave with his toga and parchments, elbowed the callow British rustic in the rude raiment of his fathers. The wild blue-eyed Welsh Prince upon his rough mountain pony would scarce give right of way to the bronzed Roman mercenary from the Rhine; Umbrians and Franks, pale-haired Germans, and olive Tuscans laughed and chaffered round the booths and fountains, while here and there legionaries stood on guard before great houses, or drank on the tressels of wayside wine-shops. Now and again two or three soldiers came marching down the street with a gang of slaves, or a shock-headed chieftain from the wild north, fierce and sullen, on his way to Rome; and over all the varied throng the crows and kites circled in the blue sky, and the little sparrows perched themselves under the lintel and in the twisted column tops of their mistress's fane.

Half the day I stared, and then, having eaten some dry Etrurian grapes—the first for four hundred years—I went to the bath, and threw down a golden coin on the doorkeeper's marble slab.

"Why, my son," said that juvenile official of some trivial fifty summers, "where, in the name of Mercury, did you pick up this antique thing?" and he handled it curiously. But being in no mind to tell my tale just then, I put him off lightly, and passed on into the great bathing-place itself. Stage by stage "balneum," "concamerata," "sudatio," "tepidarium," "frigidarium," and all their other chambers I went

through, until in the last a mighty slave, who had rubbed me with the strength of Hercules himself for half an hour, suddenly stopped, and, surveying me intently, exclaimed—

"Master! I have scrubbed many a strange thing from many a Roman body, but I will swallow all my own towels if I can get this extraordinary dirt from you, and he pointed to my bare and glowing chest. There, to my astonishment, revealed for the first time, was a great serpent-like mark of tattoo and wode circling my body in two wide zones! What it meant, how it came, was past my comprehension. Shrunk and shrivelled as I was with long abstinence, it seemed but like a gigantic smudge meandering down my person—a smudge, however, that with a little goodly living might stretch out into an elaborate design of some nature. Of course, I knew it was thus the British warriors were accustomed to adorn themselves; but who had been thus purposely decorating one that had never knowingly submitted to the operation, and to what end, was past my guessing.

"Never mind, Sir; don't despond," said the slave, "we will have another essay;" and, hitching me on to the rubbing couch, he knelt upon my stomach—these bath attendants were no more deferential than they are now—and exerted his magnificent strength, armed with the stiffest towel that ever came off a loom, upon me, until I fairly thought that not only would he have the tattoo off but also all the skin upon which it was engrossed. But it was to no purpose. He rose presently, and sulkily declared I had had my money's worth. "The more he rubbed the bluer those accursed marks became." This might well be, so I tossed him an extra coin, and, dressing hastily, covered my uninvited tattoo and went forth, fully determined to examine and read it—for those things were nearly always readable—more closely on a better and more private opportunity.

My next visit was to an Etruscan barber, who was shaving all and sundry under a green white awning, in a pleasant little piazza. To him I sat, and while he reaped my antique stubble, with many an exclamation of surprise and disgust at its toughness, my thoughts wandered away to the train of remembrances the bath slave's discovery had started. Again I thought of Blodwen and my little one; the seaport, with its golden beaches, and the quiet pools where the trout and salmon of an evening now and again shattered the crystal mirror of the surface in their sport as she and I sat upon some grassy bank and talked of village statecraft, of conquests over petty princelings, of crops and harvests, of love and war. Then, again, I thought of the Roman galleys, and Caesar the penman autocrat; of the British camp, and, lastly, the great mischance which had, and yet had not, ended me.

"Ah! that *was* a bad slash, indeed, Sir, wasn't it?" queried the barber in my ear. "May I ask in what war you took it?"

This very echo of my fancy came so startlingly true, I sprang to my feet, and glowered upon him.

"O culler of herbs," I said, "O trespasser along the verge of mystery and medicine"—pointing to the dried things and electuaries with which, in common then with his kind, his booth was stocked—"where got you the power of reading minds?"

He shook his head vaguely, as though he did not understand, pointing to my neck, and replying he knew naught of what my thoughts might have been, but there, on my shoulder, was obvious evidence of the "slash" he had alluded to.

I took the steel mirror he offered me, and, sure enough, I saw a monstrous white seam upon my tawny skin, healed and well, but very obvious after the bath and shaving.

"Why, Sir, I have dressed many a wound in my time, but that must have been about as bad a one as a man could get and live. How did it happen?"

"Oh! I forget just now."

"Forget! Then you must have a marvellously bad memory. Why, a thing like that one might remember for four hundred years!" said the sagacious little barber, bending his keen eyes on me in a way that was uncomfortable. In fact, he soon made me so ill at ease, being very reluctant that my secret should pass into possession of the town through his garrulous tongue, that I hastily paid him another of those antique green coins of mine, and passed on again down the great wide street.

Even he who lives two thousand years is still the serf of time, therefore I cannot describe all the strange things I saw in that beautiful foreign city set down on the native English land. But presently I tired, and, having become a Roman by exchanging my sheepskins for a fine scarlet toga, over a military cuirass of close-fitting steel, inlaid, after the fashion, with turquoise and gold enamel, sandals upon my feet, and a short sword at my side, I sought somewhere to sleep. First, I chanced upon a little house set back from the main thoroughfare, and over the door a withered bush, and, underneath it, on a label was written thus:—

Hic Habitat Felicitas.

"Ah!" I said, as I hammered at the portal with the brass knob of my weapon, "if, indeed, happiness is landlord here, then Phra the Phœnician is the man to be his tenant!" But it would not do. Bacchus was too bibulous in that little abode, and Cupid too blind and indiscriminate. So it was left behind, and presently an open villa was reached where travellers might rest, and here I took a chamber on one side of the square marble courtyard, facing on a garden and fountain, and looking over a fair stretch of country.

No sooner had I eaten than, very curious to understand the nature of the bath slave's discoveries upon my skin, I went to the disrobing-room of the private baths, and, discarding my gorgeous cuirass, and piling the gilded arms and silken wrappings with which a new-born vanity had swathed me, in a corner, I stood presently revealed in the common integument—the one immutable fashion of humanity. But rarely before had the naked human body presented so much diversity as mine did. I was mottled and pictured, from my waist upwards, in the most bewildering manner, all in blue and purple tints, just as the slave had said. There were more pictures on me than there are on an astrologer's celestial globe; and as I turned hither and thither, before my great burnished metal mirror, a whole constellation of dim uncertain meaning rose and set upon my sphere! Now this was the more curious, because, as I have said, I had never in my life submitted me for a moment to the needle and unguents of those who in British times made a practice of the art of tattooing. I had seen young warriors under that painful process, and had stood by as they yelled in pain and reluctant patience while the most elaborate designs grew up, under the stolid draughtsman's hands, upon their quivering cuticle. But, to Blodwen's grief, who would have had me equal to any of her tribesmen in pattern as in place, I had ever scorned to be made a mosaic of superstition and flourishes. How, then, had this mighty maze, this pictorial web of blue myth and marvel, grown upon me during the night time of my sleep? On studying it closely it evolved itself

into some order, and, though that night I made not very much of it, yet, as time went on and my body grew sleek and fair with good living, the design came up with constantly increasing vigour. Indeed, the narrative I translated from it was so absorbingly interesting to one in my melancholy circumstances that again and again I would hurry away to my closet and mirror to see what new detail, what subtle deduction of stroke or line, had come into view upon the scroll of the strangest diary that ever was written.

For, indeed, it was Blodwen's diary that circled me thus. It began in the small of my back with the year of my demise upon the Druid altar, and ever as she wrote it she must have rolled, with tender industry, her journal over and over, and so worked up from my back, in a splendid widening zone of token and hieroglyphic, for twenty changing seasons, until my chest was reached, and there the tale ran out in a thin and tremulous way, which it made my heart ache to understand.

There is no need to describe exactly the mode of deduction or how I came to comprehend without key or help the sense of the things before me, but you will understand my wits were sharp in the quest, and once the main scheme of the idea was understood the rest came easily enough. The Princess, then, had taken a sheaf of corn as her symbol of the year. There were twenty of them upon me, and I judged their very varying sizes were intended to indicate good or bad harvest seasons in the territories of my careful chieftainess. Round these central signs she had grouped such other marks or outlines as served to hint the changing fortunes of the times. There were heads of oxen by each sheaf, varying in size according to the conditions of her herds, and fishes, big or small, to indicate what luck her salmon spearsmen had met with by the tuncful rapids of that ancient stream I know so well.

Following these early designs was one that interested me greatly. The gentle chieftainess had, when I left her, expectation of another member to her tribe of her own providing. I had thought when we should have beaten the Romans to hurry back, and mayhap be in time to welcome this little one, but you know how I was prevented: and now here upon my skin, high over to my heart, was the sketch and outline of what seemed a small new-born maid, all beswaddled in the British fashion and very lovingly limned. But what was more curious was that its wraps were turned back from its baby shoulder, and there, to my astonished interpretation, in that silent maternal narrative was just the likeness, broad, lasting, indelible, of the frightful scar I wore myself! Long I pondered upon this. Had that red-haired slave-princess by some chance received me back—perhaps at Sempronius's compassionate hands—all hurt as I was, and had that portentous wound set its seal during anxious vigils upon the unborn babe? I could not guess—I could but wonder—and, wondering still, pass on to what came next.

Here was a graphic picture, no bigger than the palm of my hand, and not hard to unriddle. An eagle—no doubt the Roman one—engaged in fierce conflict with a beaver—that being Blodwen's favourite tribal sign, for there were many of those animals upon her river. Jove! how well 'twas done! There were the flying feathers, and the fur and the turmoil and the litter of the fight, and well I guessed the proud Roman bird—that day he brought my gallant tribe under the yoke—had lost many a stalwart quill, and damaged many a lordly pinion!

And, besides these main records of this fair and careful chancelleroess of her state, there were others that moved me none the less. Yes! by every gloomy spirit that dwelt in the misty shalows of the British oaks, it gave me a hot flush of gratified revenge to see—there by the symbol of the first year—a severed, bleeding head, still crowned with the Druid oak.

"Ho! ho! Dhuwallon, my friend," I laughed, as I guessed the meaning of that bloody sign, "so they tripped you up at last, my crafty villain. By all the fiends of your abominable worship, I should like to have seen the stroke that made that grizzly trophy! Well, I can guess how it came about! Some slighted tribesman who saw me die peached upon you. Liar and traitor! I can see you stand in that old British hall, strong in your sanctity and cunning, making your wicked version of the fight and my undoing, and then methinks I see Blodwen leap to her feet, red and fiery with her anger. Accursed priest! how you must have sickened and shrunk from her fierce invective, the headlong damnation of her bitter accusation with all the ready evidence with which she supported it. Mayhap your cheeks were as pale that day, good friend, as your infernal vestments, and first you frowned and pointed to the signs and symbols of your office, and pleaded your high appointment before the assembled people against the answering of the charge. And then, when that would not do, you whined and cringed and called her kinswoman. Oh, but I can fancy it, and how my pretty Princess—there upon her father's steps—scorned and cursed you before them all, and how some ready faithful hand struck you down, and how they tore your holy linen from you and dragged you screaming to the gateway, and there upon the threshold log struck your wicked head from your abominable shoulders! By the sacred mistletoe, I can read my Blodwen's noble anger in every puncture of that revenge-commemorating outline!"

Here again, in the years that followed, it pleased me to see her little State grow strong and wide. At one time she typified the coming and destruction of two peak-sailed southern pirates, and then the building of a new stockade. She also made (perhaps to the worship of my names!) a mighty circle. It began with a single upright on my side. The next year there were two. In the summer that followed she crossed them by a third great slab, and so on for ten years the tribesmen seemed to have toiled and laboured until they had such a temple of the sun as must have given my sweet heathen vast pleasure to look upon! She feared comets and portents much, and punctured me with them most exactly; she kept her memoranda of corn-pots and stores of hides upon me like the clever, frugal mother of her tribe she was; and now and then she acquired territory or made new alliances—printing the special tokens of their heads in a circle with her own, until I was illustrated from waist to shoulder—a living lexicon of history.

Many were the details of that strange blue record I have not mentioned; many are the strokes and flourishes that still expand and contract to the pulsations of my mighty life—undeciphered, unintelligible. But I have said enough to show you how ingenious it was—how sufficient in its variety, how disappointing in its pointless end. For, indeed, it stopped suddenly at the twentieth season, and the cause thereof I could guess only too well!

There, in that Roman hotel, I stayed reflecting. It was in this rest-house, from the idle gossip of the loungers and chatter of Roman politicians, that I came to comprehend the extent of my sleep in the cave, and as the truth dawned upon me, with a consciousness of the infinite vacuity of my world, I went into the garden, and there was no light in the sunshine, and no colour in the flowers, and no music in the fountain, and I threw my toga over my head and grieved for my loneliness, with the hum of the crowd outside in my ears, and mourned my fair Princess and all the ancient times so young in memory yet so old in fact.

Many days I sorrowed purposeless, and then my grief was purged by the good medicine of hardship and more adventure.

(To be continued.)

TAMED BY CUPID.

Few artists of the French school have for so long maintained the position which M. Gérôme has now occupied for nearly half a century. Born at Vesoul in 1824, he came to Paris at a very early age, and entered the *atelier* of Paul Delaroche, at that time in the zenith of his fame; and it was under that master, whom he subsequently accompanied to Italy, and at the *École des Beaux Arts*, that Gérôme acquired the severe style which has remained one of the distinctive features of his art. He did not exhibit at the Salon until 1847, when his "Combat de Coqs" obtained for him at once a medal of the third class, and was purchased for the Luxembourg, where it now holds a distinguished place. From that time to the present day he has been constantly at work, making occasional visits to Eastern Europe, Egypt, Turkey, and other countries, whence he brought back subjects for his paintings. He has been accused of introducing too much ferocity, and even cruelty, into his work, as, for instance, in his "Slave Market," the "Gateway of the Mosque," before which are scattered the heads of the Jews massacred by Salek-Kachef; but it is no love of the horrible which inspires him, but a cold and conscious desire to be truthful. Two of his best-known works, "After the Masked Ball" and "Morituri te Salutant," the gladiators going to kill one another "to make a Roman holiday," and the "Death of Cæsar," are instances of this temperament. But he has also a softer mood, as seen in the magnificent "Age of Augustus," which is now at the Luxembourg, one of the finest compositions of modern art. Throughout his career he has shown a rare sympathy with animal life, and some of his scenes of hunting and coursing in the East are distinguished by their easy and accurate drawing. Not the least charm of Gérôme's style, especially when treating animal life, is his recognition of the awkwardness of posture which some animals often assume, and in the present picture he has not hesitated to sacrifice in more than one instance elegance to truthfulness. He cannot, however, be ranked among the Neo-Classicists because of his obvious sympathy with the Romanticists and their love of colour; nor is he an archaeologist, although he frequently has recourse to Roman and Egyptian history to furnish a setting for his figures. He is a rapid worker, without the least misgiving as to the effect of his work, and this hastiness has occasionally brought upon him the censure of the critics. With the public, however, he has always, and most deservedly, stood in high favour; and his more recent pictures have shown a richness and completeness which were wanting in some of his better-known earlier works. He has not been without honour and reward in his own country; though possibly he stands higher in esteem among foreigners, some of his finest works being now in the United States. Those who desire to compare the present peaceful study with some of M. Gérôme's "horrors" should take the opportunity of their next visit to Paris to look at the "Plague at Marseilles," which is to be seen at the church of St. Séverin, or "The Death of St. Jerome," in the refectory of the church of St. Martin-des-Champs.

DULWICH PARK.

The opening of this new public park, by Lord Rosebery, on June 26, was a gratifying event; and the large population of South London, especially the 248,000 inhabitants of Camberwell, which formerly, when Mr. Ruskin was young, enjoyed near access to delightful rural scenery, has secured a considerable benefit. The land, seventy-two acres in extent, was presented to the late Metropolitan Board of Works by the Governors of Dulwich College, on condition that the Board would lay it out as a park for the use of the public. This arrangement was confirmed by Parliament, and the park has been tastefully laid out in accordance with designs by Mr. J. J. Sexby, at a cost of about £33,000. In addition to the usual paths it contains a lake, carriage roads, a horse ride, and two lodges. The opening ceremony was attended by some of the members of the London County Council, and by the Governors of Dulwich College, with the Rev. W. Rogers, Chairman of the College Governors; Mr. Strong, Chairman of the Estates Committee of the Governors; Mr. Haggis, Deputy Chairman of the County Council; Mr. Phillips, Chairman of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee; Mr. Lemon, Chairman of the South-East District Parks Sub-Committee; Mr. Acworth and Mr. Powell, representatives of the district at the Council; and others. They were invited afterwards to visit Dulwich College, where they heard from the chairman an interesting account of the founding of the college by Edward Alleyn, an actor, in the reign of James I., and of its development from an institution educating twelve boys to a college in which a first-class education is given, with every appliance for instruction in all branches; also of Alleyn's School, where a middle-class education is given to 1200 boys.

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JULIET'S TOMB.

The greater number of English-speaking people who visit Verona associate the town with the tragic fate of the fair daughter of the Capuletti. Surrounded by the vast and rugged battlements of the Alps, intersected by the broad blue waters of the Adige rushing under old Roman-arched bridges, its narrow sun-baked streets overlooked by mediæval buildings and houses with painted façades, its cathedral with cloisters six centuries old, its churches surmounted by quaint-shaped towers, its gardens planted with stately and venerable cypresses, Verona seems a fitting scene for what is, in sooth, the saddest love-story of which mankind has heard.

That the tale was founded on fact we learn from Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona. The romance writers of Italy speedily laid hands on the tragedy as a fitting theme for their pens; and a poetic version of the story by one Arthur Brooke was first published in England in 1562, entitled "The Tragical Historic of Romens and Juliet, Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie; with the subtil Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer and their ill Event." Some five-and-thirty years later was printed William Shakspeare's play, which has fixed the fate of the Veronese lovers for ever in the world's memory.

Guides are anxious to show strangers the house, now known as the Palazzo Sambonifazi, in which Juliet lived, and the balcony which Romeo scaled close upon five hundred years ago. The building has nothing remarkable in its appearance: its walls are discoloured by time, its stucco-work crumbling from age; no air of romance distinguishing it from its neighbours. To reach it one must pass through the Piazza delle Erbe, once the Forum of the Republic, now the fruit and vegetable market. The square, surrounded by palaces and houses decorated with frescoes by Cavalli, is much as it was when it ran red with blood during the fierce fights which took place between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines—families who for long "rendered Italy savage and unmanageable." To-day it is peaceful enough, and is full of light and colour. Under the shade of huge umbrellas—red, blue, green, and orange—are stalls piled high with melons and pomegranates, fresh-gathered figs and apples; beneath the striped awnings of portable shops wearing apparel of gaudy hues flames in the bright sunlight; here and there sacred pictures, crucifixes, and statues are exposed for sale; the shrill voice of a basket-vendor stationed near the Tribuna, the ancient seat of judgment, rises above the general hum; and close by the fountain trickling over its marble font and adorned by a statue of Verona, is a noisy crowd, largely composed of soldiers in blue uniforms, thronging round a young, comely woman, of the gipsy type, standing on a chair, who with many words and much assurance invites all interested in their future to take a card from the pack she holds, by which and for the trifling sum of a penny she will reveal the gifts Fortune holds in store for them.

Passing the Roman Amphitheatre, still in excellent repair, now given over to exhibitions of rope-dancing and displays of fireworks, the visitor takes his way by yellow-walled streets, through which Dante may have walked what time he sought refuge in Verona on his banishment from Florence, until, passing outside one of the ancient gates, a suppressed Franciscan monastery, surrounded by high walls and a fair garden, is reached. Above the entrance is a large signboard, bearing in crude letters the words "Juliet's Tomb." I expected to find underneath "Admission half a franc," but, instead, saw the proprietor's name. Ringing at the gate, it was speedily opened by a rough-looking labourer, who smiled graciously at the prospect of receiving a fee. With an air of pride he pointed to the cabbages growing in his garden, saying his vegetables were the finest in all Verona, for the ground from which they sprang had been for full five hundred years the burial-place of monks.

The church is closed, like so many others all over Italy, waiting to be let or to be sold as a corn-store, wine-vault, stable, or factory. But one of its small chapels, bricked up and cut off from the larger building, is approached by a garden path, and here is a red marble sarcophagus, called the tomb of Juliet. The chapel, little larger than a recess, is chill and bare, the whitewashed walls are discoloured and damp, decorated by faded laurel wreaths, and half covered by visiting-cards nailed on its surface. The tomb is likewise half full of cards; for visitors, being unable, because of the red stone, to gratify the desire which so strangely stirs them on seeing famous shrines and historic places, of writing their names, have had to satisfy their vulgar vanity and foolish egotism by leaving cards as records of their visits. Here you may read the names of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Bayswater; Mrs. J. William Johnson, Chicago; Mr. B. Hercules Thompson, New York City; Miss Jemima Browne, Putney, &c.

It struck me the tomb, highly polished and smooth, looked suspiciously new; and I then remembered that more than fifty years ago Byron described it in a letter to Moore as "a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventional garden." And, moreover, I had heard it was then the fashion to chip away fragments of the stone which, having been set as brooches and bracelets, were worn by ladies who posed as sentimentalists. The inference was plain: the so-called tomb was a deception and a snare.

Therefore, when the guide rolled out his hackneyed sentences about this being the last resting-place of the noble lady Juliet, I frankly told him I had no faith in what he said. An awful pause ensued, during which he looked at me with an expression of horror and amazement, as if his ears had been profaned. But, quickly recovering himself, he replied, "Signor, what I say is a fact, I assure you: the lady was placed after death in this very tomb."

"How do you know?" I asked.

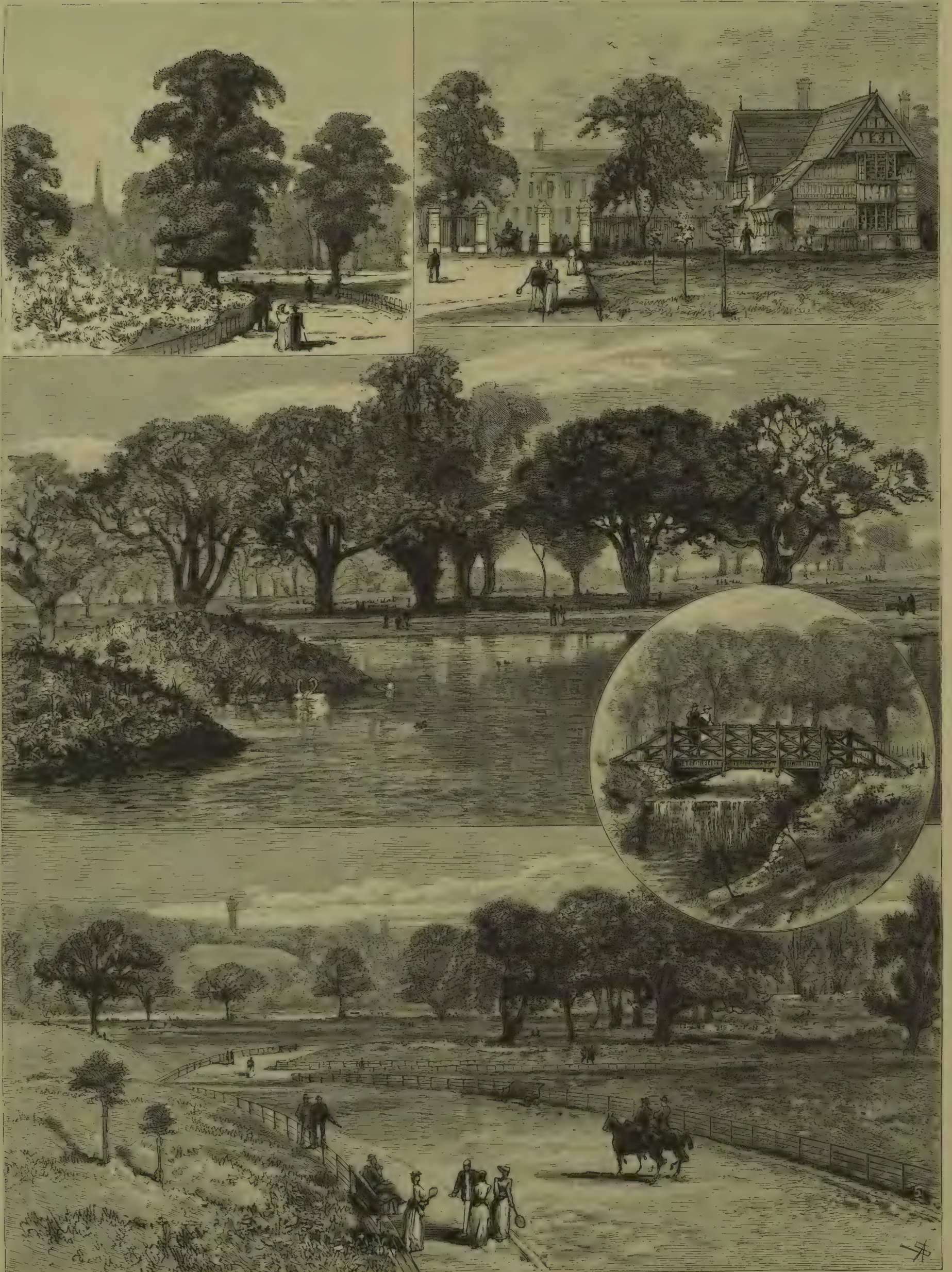
He shrugged his shoulders in pity, threw up his hands in protest, and elevated his black brows in wonder at my audacity. "Hundreds come here yearly," he remarked, resolving to strangle in its birth a doubt that if allowed to flourish might seriously interfere with his income: "they come from England and from America to see this tomb, and they have no doubts, Signor; for it is really and truly, as everyone in Verona will tell you, the resting-place of the ill-fated Juliet."

I contented myself with shaking my head, and he remained silent, until suddenly his face flashed with brightness, and I saw that a new idea had dawned on him. "Signor," he said, gravely but firmly, "I will prove to you it is Juliet's tomb, for here," he added, turning triumphantly to a picture of a monk, painted at a comparatively recent period, which hung on a side wall, "is the portrait of Friar Laurence, who married the lady and her lover and gave her the poison."

He expected this remarkable example of logic would surely silence me: nor was he disappointed. Without another word I left the spot, and the proprietor of Juliet's tomb received my silver coin with the virtuous air of a man who had overcome the darkness of doubt, and let light shine upon the benighted.

J. F. M.

An entire King's freehold share in the New River has been sold in lots, at prices ranging from £20,000 to £24,800 per share.



1. Looking towards the Old College. 2. Main Entrance. 3. The Lake. 4. Rustic Bridge. 5. General View : Crystal Palace in the Distance.

SKETCHES IN DULWICH PARK.



"THE BREAKFAST."—FROM THE PICTURE BY P. GÉZA.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

One of the specialties of the season occurred on July 12, when Mr. A. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" was brought out, having been postponed from July 10. The opera was given with a French libretto, adapted by M. Milliet from the English text with which the work was first produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1883. On that occasion, and subsequently, it was commented on to an extent that renders it unnecessary to offer much more now than a reminder that the subject of the original book (by Mr. Randerger and Mr. Theo. Marzials) is based on Victor Hugo's well-known romance "Notre Dame de Paris," which had before been turned to account for operatic purposes. An opera on the same subject, and with the same title—the composition of Signor Campana—was produced at St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards (in 1870) at our Royal Italian Opera.

The work now referred to has been given with much success in the provinces and abroad, and, in its recent production at the Covent-Garden establishment, its performance with a French text was part of the important and novel scheme by which Mr. Augustus Harris arranged to give operas during his present season at Covent-Garden Theatre in other languages besides the conventional Italian which has hitherto prevailed in association with that operatic establishment, and the other great lyric temple in the Haymarket.

The opera is in four acts, and the action follows pretty closely the well-known romance in most of its prominent details. The work contains much bright and genial music, the orchestral details being generally varied and interesting. There are instances also of dramatic power and effective climax, especially in the later emotional situations. Some important changes have recently been made by the composer in his score, and in the book—particularly in the closing portion—to the improvement of the general effect.

The title-character was, on July 12, sustained by Madame Melba, who sang and acted with graceful brightness in the earlier scenes, and with dramatic power in the later situations. The delivery of the great love-duet by her and M. J. de Reszké was truly admirable on the part of both artists. The gentleman just named sustained the character of Phœbus, with gallant and heroic bearing and vocal excellence. The cast was, in other respects, also a very strong one, as will be seen from our record of the artists concerned. M. Lassalle, as Claude Frollo, was highly impressive, alike in his singing and his acting; as was M. Dufrieux as Quasimodo, which character he rendered with due eccentricity, free from exaggeration or caricature. In the lighter part of Gringoire M. Montariol was thoroughly efficient, as was M. Winogradoff in the character of Clopin, the King of the Beggars; and Mlle. Pinkert was a very graceful representative of Fleur-de-Lys—in short, the cast was of rare excellence throughout; and the orchestral and choral details, and the excellent scenic and stage effects, were important accessories. Mr. Randerger conducted ably, as at the first production of the opera in 1883. "Esmeralda" was announced for the second time on July 17.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The Handel Festival performance in Westminster Abbey in aid of the funds of this society took place too late (on July 10) for notice earlier than now. The excellent society just named benefited largely by its share of the amount realised at the Handel commemoration, in the same building, in 1874, and subsequent celebrations; and a performance was given, by the society, in the Abbey as lately as 1883, when the "Messiah" was rendered. This recent movement was in replacement of the annual concert-room performance of the "Messiah" which took place for many years, but could scarcely have been largely beneficial to the funds of the institution, the claims on which, from disabled members, their widows and orphans, and the occasional aid given to distressed musicians who have no claim on the society, require outside help in addition to the very small amount accruing from the payment for membership. The life of professional musicians is, for the majority, a laborious and precarious career, which affords only to the favoured few the opportunity of realising an independence. The very trifling annual amount required in payment for membership is entirely inadequate for any provision in case of sickness or other disablement, and therefore public help is necessarily required for the realisation of the objects of the society—objects that have for very many years been nobly carried out, and at a trifling cost of management which can scarcely be paralleled by any other institution having similar purposes. Of the large amount of good effected by the society some notion may be formed from the fact that during the last season a sum of upwards of £3500 was expended in the direct objects of the institution, and in relief to persons having no claim on it.

The name of Handel is immortally identified with that of the Royal Society of Musicians, which he was largely instrumental in founding, and to which he bequeathed £1000, besides having promoted performances of his works for the benefit of the society. The recent performance in Westminster Abbey had, therefore, a special interest apart from the musical proceedings, which may be briefly noticed. A full orchestra and chorus were assembled—Mr. Frye Parker having been the leading violinist, Mr. C. S. Jekyll the organist, and Professor Bridge (organist of the Abbey) the conductor. The solo vocalists were Madame Nordica, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. H. Kearton, and Mr. Hilton. The early portion of the programme consisted of the sinfonia and some of the principal choruses from "Saul." Other extracts were from "Belshazzar," "Theodora," "Samson," "Jephtha," and "Judas Maccabæus." Among the special effects in the solo music were the fine delivery, by Mr. E. Lloyd, of "Sound an Alarm," Madame Patey's expressive rendering of "Return, O God of Hosts," and Madame Nordica's brilliant execution of "Let the Bright Seraphim" (with Mr. J. Solomon's trumpet obligato)—the other solo pieces having also been worthily interpreted. The choral music produced a deeply impressive effect amid the solemn surroundings of the grand old temple. The musical performances were preceded by a portion of the service of Evening Prayer, and followed by the Blessing, pronounced by the Dean. There was a very large attendance, and it is to be hoped that the collection made before the close of the musical performances may substantially benefit the society. We are informed that Mr. T. Molineux—who has made previous large contributions—gave £100.

The summer season of the Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall closed, on July 14, with a programme consisting of several pieces by Wagner, supplemented by one work of Beethoven's. The Wagner selection consisted of the "Kaiser-Marsch," Pögnier's address, from the first act of "Die Meistersinger," the closing scene from the same opera, and Lohengrin's "Farewell." The climax of the concert was the grandest of all symphonies, the ninth and last of Beethoven's—the "choral" symphony including a setting of Schiller's "Ode

to Joy" for solo voices and chorus. This gigantic work is almost a concert in itself, and might be best appreciated if heard with a fresh attention; but, when placed before a selection of pieces of the so-called "advanced" school, these must necessarily be dwarfed, and produce the effect of an anticlimax. At the concert now referred to the vocalists named in the Wagner selection were Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. E. Lloyd: those in the symphony, Misses Fillunger and L. Little, and the gentlemen just specified. On music that has been many times given at London concerts and elsewhere it is unnecessary now to comment specifically, nor need fresh encomiums be bestowed on the excellence of the band and the conductor of the Richter Concerts, the resumption of which, after the usual interval, will be warmly welcomed by the London public.

Madame Adelina Patti was engaged by Messrs. Harrison to appear at another concert at the Royal Albert Hall on July 16. The materials of these concerts—interesting as they are to the general public, and popular as are the artists engaged—are so familiar that bare mention is sufficient. The announced programme of the occasion now referred to comprised well-known pieces in the operatic, sacred, and ballad styles, assigned to Madame Patti; and other pieces contributed by eminent vocalists and instrumentalists, and an orchestra conducted by Mr. Ganz.

Max Hambourg, a juvenile Russian pianist, said to be only ten years of age, gave a recital at Princes' Hall on July 12, when his programme comprised pieces by Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin, in which he displayed much executive aptitude, together with a want of that certainty and the appreciation of style that can scarcely be possessed by so young a performer. With the lapse of time, and with persistent study under sound training, the lad may probably become a worthy interpreter of classical music.

The North-East Cathedral Choir Association, whose operations are confined to the four northern dioceses of York, Durham, Ripon, and Wakefield, held, on July 10, its annual festival in the Cathedral Church of the northern metropolis. The composition which took the place of "Anthem" was a new sacred cantata by Dr. Naylor, the organist of York Cathedral, entitled "Meribah." There was a large congregation, among whom were many professional musicians.

Of the promised performance by students of the Royal College of Music of an English version of Mozart's opera "Cosi fan tutte" we must speak hereafter.

The recent death of the Rev. Thomas Helmore has removed an amiable and accomplished gentleman who has done much good work in association with musical art. He succeeded the late Mr. William Hawes as master of the choristers of the Chapel Royal, and produced, at various times, some valuable works, among which are "A Manual of Plain Song," "Carols" for Easter and Christmas, "The Hymnal Noted," and some of the articles in Grove's "Dictionary of Music"—not to mention other contributions to the literature of music.

A DUTCH NOVEL.

The Sin of Joost Avelingh. By Maarten Maartens. Two vols. (Remington and Co.)—We have rarely the opportunity, as few of us learn to read the Dutch language, of making acquaintance, through good Dutch contemporary novelists, with a neighbourly people whose disposition is perhaps more kindred to our own than that of any other foreign nation. Mynheer Maartens, we believe, has won a high literary reputation in his own country; and, to judge by this acceptable translation of one of his best works, no living English storyteller has greater mastery of the essential faculties of his pleasing and instructive art. Its first condition, the discovery and narrative exposition of an interesting ethical problem, compatible with the familiar ways of social and domestic life, and involving the development of original personal character in a dramatic situation, is completely satisfied. What sort of man Joost Avelingh was from his boyhood; how his strong, rather stern, but affectionate and generous nature, cruelly repressed and tortured, during a long dependent orphanage beginning with early infancy, by the truculent severity of his ruffianly old uncle, and his resentment, incessantly provoked by the harshest scorn and seemingly wanton denial of his most innocent wishes, grew up to a settled hatred; then how, in the two great affairs of adolescent youth and entrance on manhood—first the choice of a profession; secondly, the choice of a wife—Joost encountered an arrogant tyranny ferociously expressed, apparently prompted by no reason but a malignant desire to inflict pain and thwart his worthiest purposes for life, is made clear, with tolerable brevity, in the foundation of this story. The Baron Van Trotsem, a wealthy nobleman of morose and sordid habits, unmarried, above sixty years of age, terribly domineering, cursing and swearing at everybody, latterly drinking to excess, insanely proud, and prone to furious fits of rage, who has been the sole guardian of this orphan boy, the child of a young sister married against the Baron's will, is such an odious personage, and his conduct towards Joost long remains so inexplicable, that the reader at first receives the account of his sudden death with a sense of relief. His property, amounting to £12,000 a year, then goes to Joost Avelingh, who is thus at once released from his medical studies, to which he felt an intense aversion, and enabled to marry his beloved Agatha van Hessel, the Burgomaster's portionless daughter, the sweetest and truest of Dutch maidens, and subsequently the best of wives.

But all this, which might seem a happy deliverance, the commencement of a bright career of peace, domestic love, riches and prosperity, social and political usefulness, and public honours, is the prelude to a fearful course of troubles. For ten years, with all the gifts of fortune, home, and friendship, Joost Avelingh is a miserable man, partly because his heart is still embittered by nursing a fierce hatred of his dead uncle's memory, partly from the secret reproach of conscience for a "sin," not legally a crime, which may possibly have aided to cause his uncle's death. The old man, that very day, infuriated by Joost's resolution to ask for the hand of Agatha, and to quit the mansion, renouncing any portion of his uncle's money, and defying his utmost anger, had in a violent altercation declared that he would instantly alter his will, and leave all his wealth to his remote cousin, the Yonker Arthur van Asveld. He had compelled Joost, in the dark, rainy, wintry night, to drive the carriage with him, for this purpose, to the notary's house in the country town of Heist. On the road, while the young man sat playing the whip and reins in sullen silence, the Baron, having drunk much wine, brandy, and gin, working himself up into a frenzy of evil passions, was seized with an apoplectic fit. Joost heard his gurgling moans and murmurs, saw him fumbling with his tightly knotted neckerchief, saw him tumble forward, then backward, then collapse into an insensible but not yet lifeless heap. The "sin" was that Joost, his nephew, a medical student, at any rate his human fellow-creature, did not stay to help him, would not, or as he thought could not, move a hand to touch him, but, still burning with vengeful animosity, drove on at full speed to

the town, where a doctor was fetched instantly, but too late to save the old man's life.

Joost Avelingh, thenceforth oppressed by the consciousness of having entertained a murderous spirit, though not a murderer in act, or in positive intention—for his exclamation of anguish and horror over the dead man's corpse was sincere—is a very unhappy man. He is yet a noble-minded, just, and in other respects benevolent man; he never expected or coveted any of the Baron's wealth, nor does he care for it, except to spend it in magnificent charities as some atonement for the sin which abides with him—that of unforgiving hatred of one by whom he thinks himself deeply injured. The author refrains from moralising; but this example tends to suggest the sad question whether many persons who hate another, or who wish for the removal of another, might not be capable of passively, by mere inaction, permitting his death, though incapable of the act of killing? Conscience in Joost Avelingh is too sharp and clear for him to endure this reflection. He suffers inwardly, loathing his splendid fortune, repelling the favours of society, consuming his heart with remorse, distressing his adored wife by an evident reserve of some bitter secret, while vainly seeking distraction in labours for the public benefit. After ten years, a storm which has been slowly gathering bursts upon him. A discarded groom, Jan Lorenz, who was in the seat behind the carriage in that fatal drive to Heist, returns to the neighbourhood, is accidentally met by Van Asveld, who is a base, profligate, and malicious intriguer, the envious personal enemy of Joost Avelingh, and is persuaded to tell a dreadful falsehood. He saw, through a window in the back of the carriage, how Baron Van Trotsem fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and he now states that he saw Joost clutch the Baron's throat, or do something to his neckerchief. The medical man and the notary had, in fact, observed that this neckerchief was tied extremely tight, so that death might be produced almost as much by strangulation as by apoplexy; but Joost had seen the Baron apparently trying to loosen the tie, instead of which, being tipsy and struggling with his fit, his efforts probably drew it into a harder knot. The groom's evidence being taken down by Van Asveld, a criminal prosecution is instituted; Avelingh is arrested, tried for murder, and found guilty by the Court of Judges, there being no trial by jury in Holland. He is saved, before sentence is passed, by his brave wife going with her maid, a former sweetheart of Jan Lorenz, to speak with that wretched scamp, who already repents of his perjury, having been disappointed of its reward, and confesses that he did not witness any such action, and that Joost never touched his uncle. The verdict of guilty is therefore annulled by a Court of Appeal, and there is a powerful reaction of public opinion in favour of the accused. Popular with the multitude for his large charities and works of local utility, Avelingh is triumphantly elected a member of the States-General, and receives flattering congratulations, as a wealthy, able, rising public man, whose character has been cleared of reproach.

But the true spiritual crisis of this man's life is now arriving; restored social esteem and approbation do not suffice when he is deprived, by two or three unexpected discoveries, of the internal self-justification that has maintained so far his lifelong sentiment, implacable anger for the wrongs inflicted upon him by his deceased uncle. He learns, from certain family papers left by an aged clergyman, a friend of his father, that it was not by the Baron's arbitrary caprice, but in accordance with his father's solemn injunction, that he was made to study for the profession of medicine. He also learns, from Mynheer Van Hessel, whose sister, never till now known among Joost's acquaintance, had gone mad, and was for many years provided for by the Baron, her old forlorn lover, in a lunatic asylum, that the Baron's real objection to Joost's marrying Agatha was his dread of her inheriting the taint of insanity. The Baron had done wrong in not explaining these reasons to his nephew, from pride in the first instance, but in the second from consideration for Van Hessel's several marriageable daughters. Joost Avelingh, however, as he finds that his surly old uncle acted from no evil motives upon those greater occasions, is now more than ready to forgive the ordinary harshness and severity of his demeanour. Agatha's perilous illness, with the fear of losing her by death, or by mental derangement following brain disease, subdues his stern heart to a gentle tenderness, which in their conversations after her recovery expands to the widest humane compassion and Christian charity. They agree to give up the riches which have brought them only sorrow; the Van Trotsem estate goes to a distant relative, Van Asveld having broken his neck; and Joost Avelingh, renouncing all schemes of ambition, seeks employment in a modest office at Amsterdam, where he lives quietly with his wife and child. We cannot say whether this termination of the story may not appear to some readers more humble, resigned, and unworldly than they would prefer in the final act of a modern novel. But there is no excess of sentiment in the talk of the Dutchmen and Dutchwomen who figure briskly, with decided characteristics of race and class, but with energetic individuality, in the rapid course of entertaining incidents, the housekeeping, the family tea-parties, the skating, the courting, the bargaining, the office-seeking, the electioneering, the litigation, the conduct of a trial, the meetings of gentlemen at their clubs, the honours rendered to a provincial governor, the officious proceedings of a burgomaster, and various other features of Dutch social life. If the author had written on purpose to show English readers what the people of his country are like, he could not have done better; and we like them none the worse, finding them indeed very much like old-fashioned provincial English folk in many of their ways of thinking and feeling. Naturally, it should be so.

The annual meeting of the Cobden Club was held on July 12 at the National Liberal Club, Mr. Potter, M.P., in the chair. The report of the year's proceedings dealt with the Sugar Bounties Convention, Ocean Penny Postage, and International Telegraphy.

There was a large gathering of the parishioners of Christ Church, St. Pancras, in the parochial schools, on July 12, under the presidency of Dr. Gill, when a cheque for £500, and some handsome silver candelabra, were presented to the Bishop of St. Albans. The chairman having briefly recapitulated the clerical career of their late vicar, the Bishop, who was greatly moved, said that he thanked them from the bottom of his heart for that crowning instance of their regard.

The Archaeologists had a long day on Saturday. They drove from Oxford, after breakfast, to the old Abbey Church of Dorchester, which was described by the Rector, and thence to Ewelme, where they inspected the parish church and the adjoining hospital, under the guidance of Sir Henry Acland. They went on to Crownmarsh and to Wallingford to see St. Leonard's Church, and the castle and fortifications of the town, and drove back to Oxford by way of Wittenham and Clifden Hampden. In the evening was held the official meeting of the Congress, when one or two brief papers were read, and thanks were voted to the authorities of the university and the city for their courteous assistance and hospitality.

SIR COWASJEE JEHanghIER, C.S.I., Kt.

The life of this Indian worthy—an eminent Parsee merchant of Bombay, who made it his endeavour to act up to the duties of a British citizen, and whose charitable deeds were of a cosmopolitan character, embracing humanity regardless of race and religion—fills a handsome volume prepared by his son and heir, Mr. Jehanghier Cowasjee Jehanghier, of London. Mr. Jehanghier introduces his subject with a brief but appropriate sketch of the growth of the Parsee community in Bombay; for many of his ancestors took a leading part in making that city one of the most flourishing ports and commercial centres in the world. Sir Cowasjee was born on May 24, 1812, and, after receiving such education as the time afforded, entered business, serving his apprenticeship with several English firms. It was not until the year 1846 that he became a merchant on his own account; but, when once he did so, his business transactions are described by his son as having been both extensive and fortunate, during a period of twenty-five years. The growth of his fortune necessarily brought with it social and civic duties, all of which he discharged with rare tact and good sense, until the breakdown of his health forbade his leaving the house. As a Justice of the Peace, as a member of the Board of Conservancy, and, lastly, in the responsible and delicate position of Commissioner of Income Tax, he won golden opinions from both his own fellow-countrymen and the English officials. In May 1871 he was made Companion of the Star of India, and in the following year he received the honour of an English knighthood.

The more remarkable part of his career, however, was in his acts of munificent philanthropy. We learn that, in the last thirty years of his life, Sir Cowasjee dispensed, in public and private charity, 1,750,000 rupees, or £175,000, and the enumeration of the objects to which he devoted this sum fills five closely printed pages. Among his most noteworthy donations were his Civil Hospital at Surat, the Poonah Engineering College, and the Eye Hospital; innumerable drinking-fountains, one of which is in Regent's Park, London; the building bearing his name at Elphinstone College, Bombay; and, lastly, the University Hall, of which we give an illustration. Among smaller gifts, but for other reasons notable, may be mentioned his sending £1000 for the benefit of the wounded in the Franco-German war, and his thank-offering on the Prince of Wales's recovery from his serious illness in 1871, the sum of £200 being given to the London Fever Hospital.

The respect and regard of his fellow-citizens found expression in a public subscription for the erection of a statue in his honour, and Mr. Woolner was entrusted with the execution of the noble statue which long ornamented the University Hall of Bombay, but which now stands in a more conspicuous position, at the entrance of the hall that bears the name of Sir Cowasjee Jehanghier in that University. We give an illustration of this statue, and of the hall. Mr. Jehanghier, whose interesting account of his illustrious father's remarkable career we have perused, is the gentleman who gave splendid entertainments in honour of Lord Harris, and also of Lord Reay, upon the occasion of the late change of Governors for Bombay.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Nineteenth Century.—Sir John Pope Hennessy's views of Africa were noticed. Professor Huxley still wages his dialectic warfare against Bishops, Deans, Canons, and Bampton Lecturers who defend the historical truth and the physical possibility of many statements in the Old and New Testaments; but he betrays a singular ignorance of the grounds of belief in spiritual truth, when he triumphantly asks whether or not Jesus Christ and His disciples received those statements as true. Other articles in this magazine are worthy of attention. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., an experienced political agent of the cause of Temperance Reform legislation, proves that the law in Ireland, and equity in England and Scotland, give a just claim to compensation for closing public-houses. The editor, Mr. James Knowles, briefly shows, with the aid of plans and drawings, that future interments in Westminster Abbey can easily find ample space in the open quadrangle surrounded by the great cloisters; and that the cloister on the side towards the Chapter-house, called the "East Walk," is structurally part of the south transept, perhaps originally designed for an aisle parallel with "Poets' Corner." He contends that there is no necessity for building the new burial chapel in Abingdon-street proposed by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. The King of Sweden and Norway concludes his well-written memoir of the career of King Charles XII. Dr. Herbert Snow, Surgeon to the Cancer Hospital, discusses the probable causes of an apparently increased prevalence of that malignant disease. Sir Alfred Lyall's careful description of the curious official attitude of the Chinese Empire towards the manifold vagaries of polytheism and demonology is an instructive study in social and political science. Mr. Frederick Greenwood's remarks on the personal acquaintance of newspaper editors with Cabinet Ministers are judicious and dignified in spirit. Earl Grey takes a few more exceptions to the Irish Land Purchase scheme.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, in a dialogue on criticism, displays a marvellous attainment of the trick of elegant and pretty writing; his prose is sweeter verbal music than another gentleman's verse, but there is a considerable want of logic in Gilbert's and Ernest's paradoxical assertions. Unquestionably, the ardent contemplation of works of fine art, or of poetry, does beget a further exercise of imaginative sentiment, transcending the form and immediate subject of the artist's or poet's composition. Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare, or Milton, as well as Michel Angelo, Beethoven, and Wagner, suggest much beyond what they definitely show. But it is not "criticism"—it is ethical sympathy and a kindred enthusiasm—that has the function of entertaining these revelations of the ideal.

Contemporary Review.—The absurdity and impracticability of Mr. Edward Bellamy's fantastic proposal, called "Nationalism," by which the whole population should be fed and employed by the State, obliging every man to do some work, but allowing him to choose the kind of work, could hardly be more effectually, though unconsciously, exposed than is here done by its own author, in his attempted reply to the objections of M. de Laveleye. A rather encouraging view of French politics, since the collapse of the Boulangist and the profound disorganisation of the Royalist faction have permitted the loyal Republicans to form a strong Ministry, is contributed by M. Gabriel Monod. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh's startling exhibition of the murder-premium system, carried on under pretence of insuring children's lives, was noticed last week. Mr. Graham Sandberg's account of a visit to Lhasa (or Lassa), the secluded and seldom accessible capital of



STATUE OF THE LATE SIR COWASJEE JEHanghIER OF BOMBAY.—BY T. WOOLNER, R.A.

Tibet, is a rarely interesting chapter of Asiatic travel. It was not he, indeed, or any other Englishman, but a clever and enterprising Hindoo of Bengal, named Baboo Sarat Chandra Das, resident at Darjeeling, who performed this difficult feat of exploration. The validity and utility of M. Pasteur's inoculation remedy, or preventive, latterly applied to hydrophobia, are strongly disputed by Dr. T. M. Dolan. We commend to thoughtful social reformers and legislators Mr.

Sidney Webb's careful statistical study of the administration of Poor-law relief, and his judicious suggestions for its amendment, particularly that of granting small outdoor pensions to the aged poor, instead of maintaining them in the workhouses; also the creation of a London Poor Law Council, like the London County Council and the London School Board, but retaining the parish and Union Boards of Guardians in subordination to its central authority. Mr. Joseph Pennell undertakes to devise a scheme of special art-training for those who make sketches or drawings for illustrated journals. Dr. John Rae has an answer to make to the Duke of Argyll's argument against special "betterment" rating of house or land property enhanced in value by costly public improvements. The question of compensation for the arbitrary termination of old public-house licenses is discussed by Mr. Edward North Buxton and by Mr. Andrew Johnston, Chairman of the Essex County Council, both in favour of the Government proposals lately before the House of Commons.

National Review.—The robbery of villages by gangs of armed outlaws, which British Indian officers call "dacoity," is the chief trouble of administration in Upper Burma; and Captain H. D. Keary's general description of that practice, and of the methods used by Government in its suppression, helps us to appreciate the efforts of the Military Police, whose organisation has been noticed in connection with some of the recent illustrations in this Journal. The position and functions of a Governor in the Colonies of Australia and New Zealand, which have Parliamentary constitutions and Ministries responsible to the elective Assembly, with an elective Legislative Council, is explained by "An Ex-Governor" with humorous shrewdness; and he questions the expediency of bestowing such appointments on young and inexperienced British Peers, instead of men trained in colonial administration who have earned a reputation for ability and prudence. Persian literature, a wide field of study, rich in poetical fancy, sentiment, and wit, is pleasantly surveyed by Mr. C. J. Pickering in an article sprinkled with translations of choice pieces of verse.

Universal Review.—Count Leo Tolstoy, the eminent Russian novelist, who has adopted religious and philanthropic views that show his profound aspiration to an imaginary ascetic standard of Christian duty, but that take no account of the actual condition of mankind and "human nature's daily needs," defends his amazing "Kreutzer Sonata" in a series of extreme propositions, concerning the morals of married life, which cannot here be conveniently discussed. They are sufficiently answered by the Apostle Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, seventh chapter, from the second to the sixth verse. This magazine contains also Mr. Harry Quilter's critical survey of the state of Art in England, and Mrs. Crawford's account of the rival French Art Salons, with many engravings of remarkable modern pictures; continuations of Mr. H. D. Traill's "Trumpet of Fame," and Lucas Malet's story; a classical poem by Mr. Graham Tomson; and several other articles.

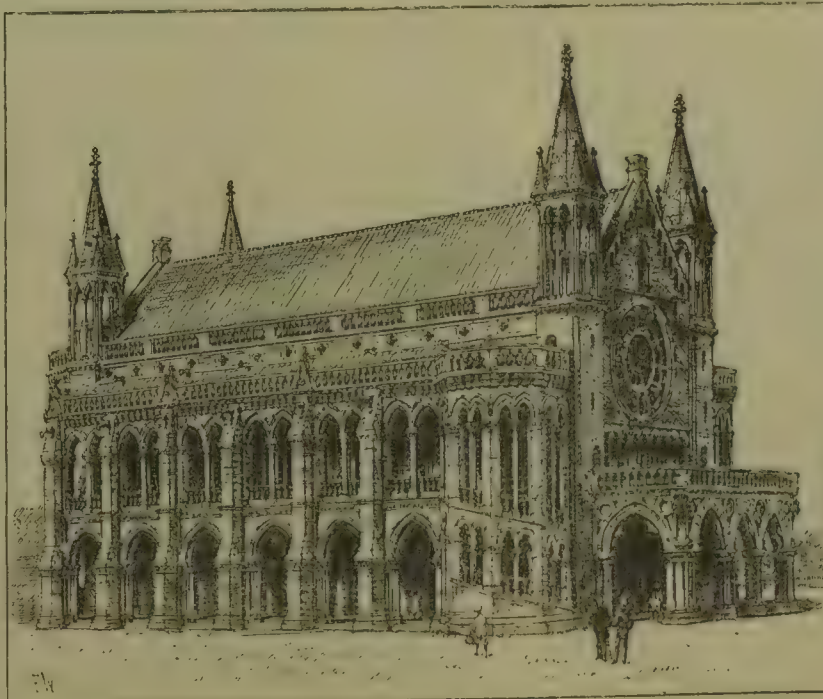
New Review.—Sir Charles Dilke's provisions of "a Radical Programme" include gratis Board schooling, with College and University scholarships to follow; abolition of fees and costs in Courts of Justice; an eight-hours labour law for Government factory or contract work, and for work done for municipalities, as well as for miners; dwellings for the working classes provided by the local governing bodies; and a few other matters which he thinks likely to be demanded by the Democratic constituencies, though never more inclined to "sweet reasonableness" than now. Lord Coleridge, in his address to a Birmingham audience on "Thinking for Ourselves," unduly finds fault with anonymous journalists and reviewers because idle readers too easily accept their judgments. Why does he not equally blame the clergy and other pulpit preachers, for the implicit belief with which their sermons are heard? The Newfoundland French Fishery Question is argued—on one side by the colonial delegates, Sir James Winter, Mr. P. J. Scott, and Mr. A. B. Morine; on the other side, by M. Emile Flourens: and it is evident that the Newfoundlanders want to get rid of the ancient treaty obligations, which France will not surrender. The Duke of Marlborough compares modern English Art with the French schools of painting, and treats the works of our own living artists with vast contempt. "Studies in Character, No. 4," portrays the moral and mental qualities of Mr. Gladstone with a certain degree of reverence, while admitting that his "imperious optimism," and his enormous faith in himself, may lead to defeat. Mr. H. H. Moore's account of Parliamentary politics in Japan, which is to have an elective House of Assembly and Constitutional Government in November this year, shows that political parties in that remote Asiatic country are distinctly organised, with platforms and legislative programmes much better defined than those we have in England. "The Ethics of Fire Insurance," by Captain Shaw, the able chief of the London Fire Brigade, is an instructive article, dwelling on the positive social duty of taking precautions, especially in warehouses, to prevent fires, and giving useful advice for the safer arrangement of inflammable goods, as well as for the structure of buildings. "The World's Desire," by Messrs. Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard, an archaic romance which combines some hints from Homer's Odyssey with some from the Mosaic history of the quarrel between the Israelites and King Pharaoh in Egypt, presents a terrific scene of slaughter in the Royal banquet-hall, where the bow of Ulysses is plied with amazing effect.

We have not leisure for a particular account of the contents of the other periodicals: *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Murray's Magazine*, and *Longman's*; the *Cornhill*, the *Gentleman's*, *Time*, *Temple Bar*, and *Belgravia*; the *American Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, and *Scribner's*—and others which provide either entertainment or instruction; at any rate, much tolerable reading.

Earl Lovelace, Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, has opened King Edward's Grammar School, Guildford, which has been restored at a cost of £2500.

A handsome memorial cross has been erected by Mary Isabel, Viscountess Downe, and Mr. Sydney L. Lane, in Langdale-End churchyard, to the memory of the late Hon. Guy C. Dawnay, who was killed at Ngiri on Feb. 28, 1889.

"Arcadia" has this year again been held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The entire hall has been converted into a garden, with beds of luxuriant flowers, fountains, and illuminated grottoes, to which has been added a switchback railway and a variety entertainment. The show opened on July 12.



THE SIR COWASJEE JEHanghIER UNIVERSITY HALL, BOMBAY.



1. Arrival of Elephants and Bullock-carts with Tents and Baggies at Camping Ground.

2. Sepoys Pitching Officers' Tents.

3. The Commissariat Supplies: "Our Mutton".

4. 9th Hussars Orderlies Waiting for Orders.

5. Native Troops Cooking.

6. A Halt by the Wayside.

7. Sepoys Waiting for their Dinner.

8. Native Troops Cooking.

9. Waiting for the Enemy.

SKETCHES OF THE CAMP OF EXERCISE, HELD AT SECUNDERABAD, INDIA.



1. Making Bread and Grinding Coffee. 2. Shooting Wild Game. 3. On the March in Wet Weather. 4. In Camp. 5. Hanging out Ellong (Dried Beef).

SKETCHES IN BECHUANALAND: THE BORDER POLICE ON THE MARCH TO MATABELELAND.

A correspondent in South Africa—Mr. E. C. Daniels, of the Bechuanaland Border Police—sends us a few sketches taken on their march, in April, from Mafeking to the appointed rendezvous camp in North Bechuanaland, where the chartered British South Africa Company were also sending their forces, preparatory to entering Matabeleland. The distance from Mafeking to this camp is nearly four hundred miles, which occupies about forty days by "trek" waggon. The camp at Elebe is about eighty miles from the Matabele border. The route was along the Crocodile River for about 150 miles, and the aspect of the country varies but little along the whole distance. It is everywhere covered with thorn-bush, and with

trees which seem all thorns; but there are many fine views up the river. Later sketches were taken on the farther march from Elebe to the camp at Mutlakuta, three miles from the McCloutse River, which divides the Bechuana Protectorate from Matabeleland. Here the expedition has built a fort, and its united forces there comprised some six hundred men of the Border Police, with Mr. Rhodes's or the British South Africa Company's police. The route to Mutlakuta was through dense bush, and was often very difficult for the waggons. Fever has been very prevalent among the men, but few having escaped it: luckily, no fatal consequences have occurred. The whole force was expected to start for Mashonaland

about the middle of June, and we now receive accounts of its progress by telegraph. The expedition on June 25 entered Matabeleland, for the purpose of making a road to Mashonaland and working the alluvial gold-fields in that district. A good deal of anxiety is felt on account of the known hostile feeling entertained towards the whites by the majority of the subjects of Lobengula, who hitherto has used his influence to restrain his warriors from attacking the Company's force, which is now, including many labourers from Khama's kraals, about a thousand strong. As illustrating the gravity of the situation on the Matabele border, we may quote the following extract from a letter written to the *Manchester Examiner*,



TAMED BY CUPID.

BY J. L. CHÉROME.

from Mutlakuta Camp, at the end of May, three or four weeks before the border was actually crossed:—

"It turns out that Lobengula has flatly refused to allow us to pass over the border on account of the excited state his people are in at the invasion of an armed party. There are 15,000 of them close by here. It is a very ominous fact that, though there are so many thousands of Matabele just over the border, they have never paid us a visit, peaceful or otherwise. Lobengula has 30,000 fighting men who are anxious to wipe us out, and it is quite as much as he can do to hold them in. We have built a large square fort here, with a trench on each side 25 ft. across by 6 ft. deep, and a mound breast high to fire from. A picket of 100 men are kept in full dress, with their heavy bandoliers on—containing thirty cartridges—their sword-bayonets and rifles, ready to engage the enemy on the spot night or day, while the rest have time to pull down the tents and clear for action in the fort. There have been several alarms, all happily false. The last detachment of 500 men, making our army complete, arrived this morning. They say that a few hundred miles back they passed the pioneers, who are bringing up a great quantity of Maxim guns. When out hunting one has to keep a sharp look-out for Matabele, lest they should attempt to take one prisoner. There are about a thousand of us altogether here to push on towards the Zambesi, which is about three months' 'trek.' But there are no stores on the way; the last one was at Elebe, twenty-five days' 'trek' back."

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

In Gordon House, which stands in the grounds near Chelsea Hospital occupied by the Military Exhibition, are displayed some trophies and works of the silversmith's art, which are interesting memorials of the past history of the British Army. These represented in our Illustrations comprise (1) the Silver Staff captured at Seringapatam from Tippee Sahib, and presented to the 54th Regiment by General Sir David Baird; (2) a Drum-Major's Stick, silver mounted, which formerly belonged to the Nawab of Arcot, and was presented to the 39th Regiment (the Dorsetshire) after the battle of Plassy, in 1757, in memory of the victory; and (3) a Silver Staff captured by the 51st Regiment at the taking of Fort Jeshore, in Oudh, in 1858. There is also (4) a silver model of one of the boats used in the Nile Campaign, 1885. This model was purchased with the £100 prize given by Lord Wolseley to the battalion that reached Korti in the shortest time, and won by 1st Battalion Royal Irish Regiment. We add an Illustration (5) of Commander-in-Chief's Cup won by the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Regiment in India in 1883. There is also (6) a Silver Bowl, made out of the silver of the 18th Hussars' uniforms, and presented to the commanding officer on quitting the command after twenty-seven years' regimental service, with the Waterloo and war medals that formerly belonged to the rank and file of that regiment. It is lent by Colonel Harold Malet. The last object shown in our Illustrations (7) is the Vase presented to Sir James Campbell of Sanda, K.C.B., by the ladies of Grenada.

CAMP OF EXERCISE AT SECUNDERABAD.

General East's camp of more than five thousand troops—cavalry under command of Lieut.-Colonel Warner, artillery under Colonel Alexander, and infantry under Colonel Carters and Colonel Elton—assembled in the Indian cool season, a few months ago, at Secunderabad, in the Deccan, has been partly described. Our correspondent—Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Army Medical Staff, whose skill as an amateur photographer has rendered us much service in India and in Burma—furnished us with many characteristic illustrations of scenes and incidents of camp life in the plains north of Secunderabad, which is an important military station, in the territory of the Nizam of Hyderabad, nearly midway between Madras and Bombay. Some of the sketches have been published; others are now given, representing the Sepoys pitching the officers' tents, the elephants and bullock-waggons bringing tents and baggage into the encampment, the sheep or live mutton for commissariat supplies, the natives cooking, and the Sepoys waiting for their dinners; a halt on the march; the Hussar orderlies ready to carry orders or messages; a detachment of native infantry lying in wait for an attack from the feigned enemy; and the General in chief command, at the close of a day's manoeuvres, receiving reports and deciding upon the conduct of the action.

SKETCHES OF HELIGOLAND.

The intended cession of this small island to Germany being now a matter before Parliament, some interest may still be felt in our Illustrations of its fine cliff scenery, and of a few conspicuous features of the Oberland, the piece of ground, about a mile long and four or five hundred yards wide, on the summit, including the Upper Town. These Sketches are furnished by Dr. Lindemann, a local medical practitioner. The Lutheran clergyman's house, with the fine mulberry-tree in his garden, and the church beyond, is one of the most important residences. The spire of the church was erected, some time ago, at the expense of a public-spirited Heligolander who had made his fortune in mercantile business at Bremen. The interior of the church has the pews and galleries curiously but cheerfully painted with many different bright colours, according to the various fancies of the pew-owners or seat-owners, while the front of the gallery is adorned with quaint old panel-pictures of Bible history, done two hundred years ago. There is a grove of trees, opposite a favourite restaurant, where customers may sit at the tables under the shade, and drink refreshing German or English beer.

Her Majesty has ordered, through the Hon. Mrs. Vernon, a large quantity of silk handkerchiefs, in order to encourage an industry which is one of the most important in Ayrshire and the south of Scotland.

AVONDALE.

THE HOME OF THE NEW ROYAL SCOTTISH DUKEDOM.

One mile east from Hamilton Palace, the stately home of the Duke of Hamilton, the premier peer of Scotland, the silvery Avon joins the waters of the Clyde. Throughout its course, from its birthplace far up amid the moorlands of Drumclog, the home of the curlew and the plover, down to the green holms near Bothwell Brig, where its life is merged in that of the greater stream, the Avon winds through tracts of country alike of exquisite beauty and historic fame. With reference to the distinguished honour which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer upon his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, along with the Earldom of Athlone—the Dukedom of Clarence and Avondale, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom—it may not be out of place at present to tread with fleeting foot the dale which has newly won from our Queen's Royal hand its latest historic laurel—a dale whose beauties the pilgrimage of many a long summer day could not exhaust, and one whose every green haugh and stream's silvery reach has been trodden by us with quiet faithful foot and lingering, loving eye.

One mile from the confluence of the Clyde and Avon is Hamilton, a town of rich, picturesque beauty, which originated in the fifteenth century, under the protecting influence of the Lords of Hamilton, who constituted a place, called the Orchard, between this point and the Clyde, the principal messuage of the barony, and which is still the chief seat of the Hamilton family. The Palace, which is immediately east of the town, consists of a large elegant building of the style of the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome. The policies around the palace consist of 1500 acres, and are rich in ancestral beeches, chestnuts, and elms, one avenue of these trees being singularly imposing and picturesque, stretching for nearly a mile between the Avon and the Clyde.

It is at Barncluith, a mile south of Hamilton, and long a seat of the old Ruthven family, that picturesque Avondale really begins. Here the stream flows through a wooded gorge nearly three hundred feet deep. The sides are clothed with beeches, hazels, and graceful larches, with here and there an abrupt red sandstone cliff, crowned with the

banqueting-hall rises a solitary mountain-ash with roots all compassed by nettles and waving ferns. It was in this very hall that Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was received with exultant welcome when he arrived without having drawn rein from Linlithgow, where he had shot the Regent Murray from the window of a house in the principal street. And little wonder there was a cry of triumph over the grim retribution, when one considers that tragic deed which wrecked his home and broke his heart; and were not the ashes of the Clydesdale homes fired by Murray still sending their smoke to heaven and calling for the avenger's hand? As one wanders here through dusky dungeons, and by ruined battlements worn with age and ivy-mantled by time, phantoms of the past flit before the mind—of the hapless Stuarts, who on this little stage acted many of their life's parts, sometimes of blood, sometimes of meek-eyed pity, and sometimes of quenchless woe.

Behind Cadzow Castle, and stretching along a gently rising pastoral country, is Cadzow Forest, the only existing fragment, along with another small woodland patch in the Duke of Northumberland's estate at Chillingham Castle, of that ancient Caledonian Forest of oak which stretched from the valley of the Clyde to the shores of the North Sea. It covers 300 acres, and is manifestly of great antiquity. Some of the trees are English oaks, supposed to have been planted by King David, first Earl of Huntingdon, in 1140. Many of them are of great size, measuring in some cases twenty-seven feet in girth, while others are worn with age, and picturesquely shattered by storm, testifying that perhaps they were past their prime ere Scotland's drooping heart was revived at Bannockburn, or plunged again into an abiding sorrow at Flodden Field. As one stands amid these hoary chieftains, some of which are old enough to have witnessed the sacred rites of the Druids, and sees here and there, amid the rich green pastures beneath their boughs, the last of the milk-white cattle of the Caledonian herds, the mind seems startled, as if by some eerie witchery there had been brought before it a fascinating fragment of a world of long ago.

The "baronie" of Avondale anciently belonged to the Bairs, and thereafter went to the Sinclairs—two very old Lanarkshire families. From them it came to the Earl of Douglas, in which house it continued for many generations.

It was given by James III. to Andrew Stuart, whom he created Lord Avondale, and continued with him and his heirs until 1538, then exchanged with Sir James Hamilton for the "baronie" of Ochiltree, and ratified in the change by the Scottish Parliament of 1543. The parish of Avondale is of great extent, embracing an area of sixty-four square miles, and contains scenery of the richest variety, from the sylvan reaches of the Clyde and Avon around Hamilton up to the lonesome moors and misty mountains around London Hill and Drumclog. At the latter portion of Avondale there is not a glen or hillside but is sacred to the cause of the Covenanters in the "persecuting times," when, amid the dark recesses of the mountains around, men and women and children met to worship the God of their fathers, and when oft, through the still Sabbath air, mayhap, to the old Covenanting tunes of "Martyrdom" or "Coleshill," there arose to heaven—

The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,

the only responding voice being the call of the curlew or plover in its flight to its lonely home among the heather bells. Towering high around the dark-green moors, like a wakeful sentinel, rises London Hill. Near this, at Drumclog, the Covenanters, armed, had met for worship on that June Sabbath of 1679. They had received the hasty news that Graham of Claverhouse was at Strathaven with his dragoons, and took up a position on a hill bordering a moss, where they knew cavalry could not well act. The enemy came, as expected, but were thrown into confusion. It must have been a strange sight to have seen those grim, resolute men, women, and youths, in their hands bibles, swords, and muskets, the weapons of God and of man, fervently singing in triumphant strains the Scotch metrical version of the forty-sixth Psalm—

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid—

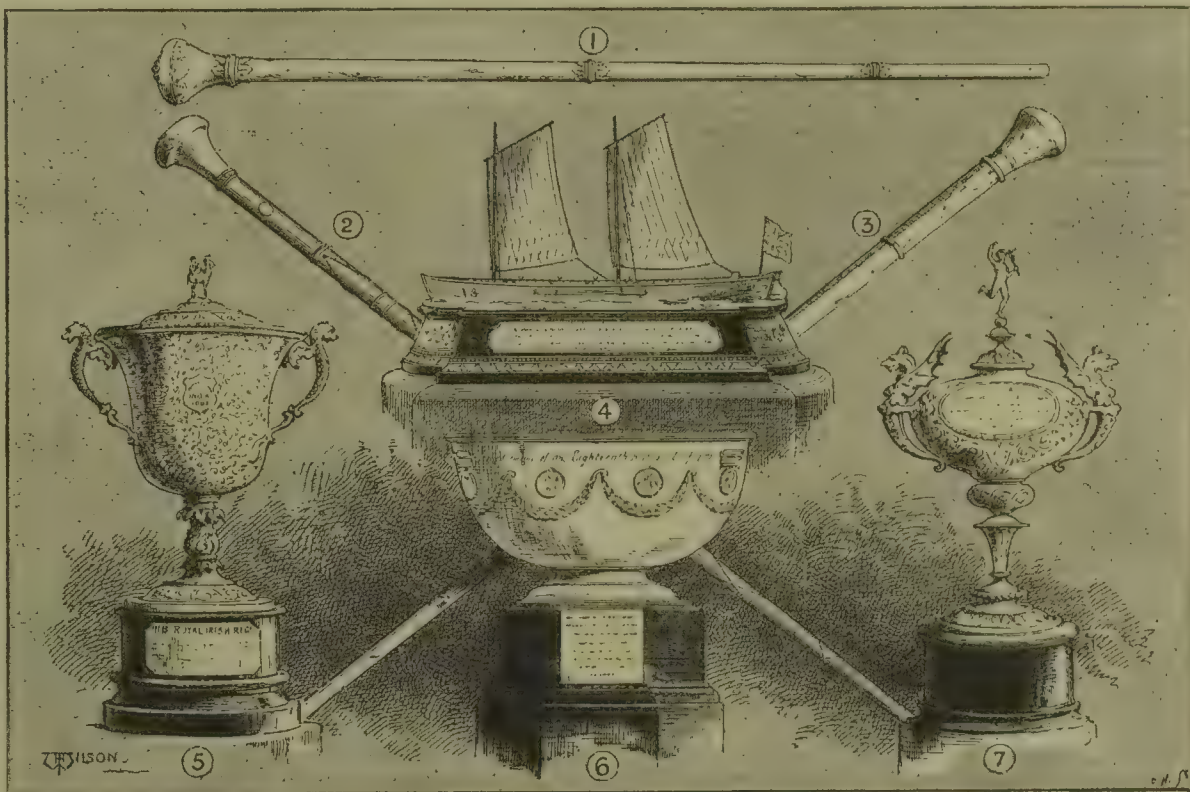
Luther's "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—as the dragoons came to the onset. Such a scene has helped to enrich the historic memories of Avondale, and our beloved Queen has added fresh lustre to her fair, noble name in bestowing upon it the laurel which it has so richly deserved. A. L.

CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER BY RAIL.

The first railway train crossing the Vaal River, which intersects Griqualand West, and divides the Orange Free State from British Bechuanaland, in South Africa, is an event of much importance; it may be said to mark an era in the history of one of her Majesty's most important Colonial possessions. The railway is being constructed by the Cape Government for and on behalf of the British South Africa Company, and the extension from Kimberley to Warrenton, a distance over forty miles, has been completed in a few months' time. The railway will be carried as far as Mafeking without delay; and it is expected that the line will be ready for traffic as far as that town by the month of September next. The first engine and train crossed the temporary bridge on Sunday, May 25, and the appearance of the iron horse was hailed with delight alike by the Boers and English residents in the district. The permanent bridge—a noble structure, judging from the designs—will take two years to build. Our Illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr Lewis Atkinson, of Kimberley, Griqualand West.

Her Majesty's Ministers have accepted the Lord Mayor's invitation to dine at the Mansion House on Wednesday, Aug. 6.

In beautiful weather Field-Marshal the Commander-in-Chief made his annual inspection of the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, better known, perhaps, as the Duke of York's School.



THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION: TROPHIES IN GORDON HOUSE.

mountain ash, and all wreathed with tender moss and feathery ferns, looking like a buttress of towering, enduring strength sweetened into an almost human tenderness by the hovering hand of time. From this vantage-ground, on the crest of the cliff at Barncluith, the scene is wonderfully picturesque. The river here turns at a right angle. A furlong off, towards the east, are two bridges—one old and brown, with a busy, bustling mill beside it, looking of all the world like a Flemish painting. Beyond is a rich champagne country, with Hamilton Palace in the background, the intermediate space being filled up with cheerful-looking farmsteads and belts of firs, among which the Avon winds in fitful gleams. Looking towards the south, all shimmering in the sunshine,

The river floweth at his own sweet will,

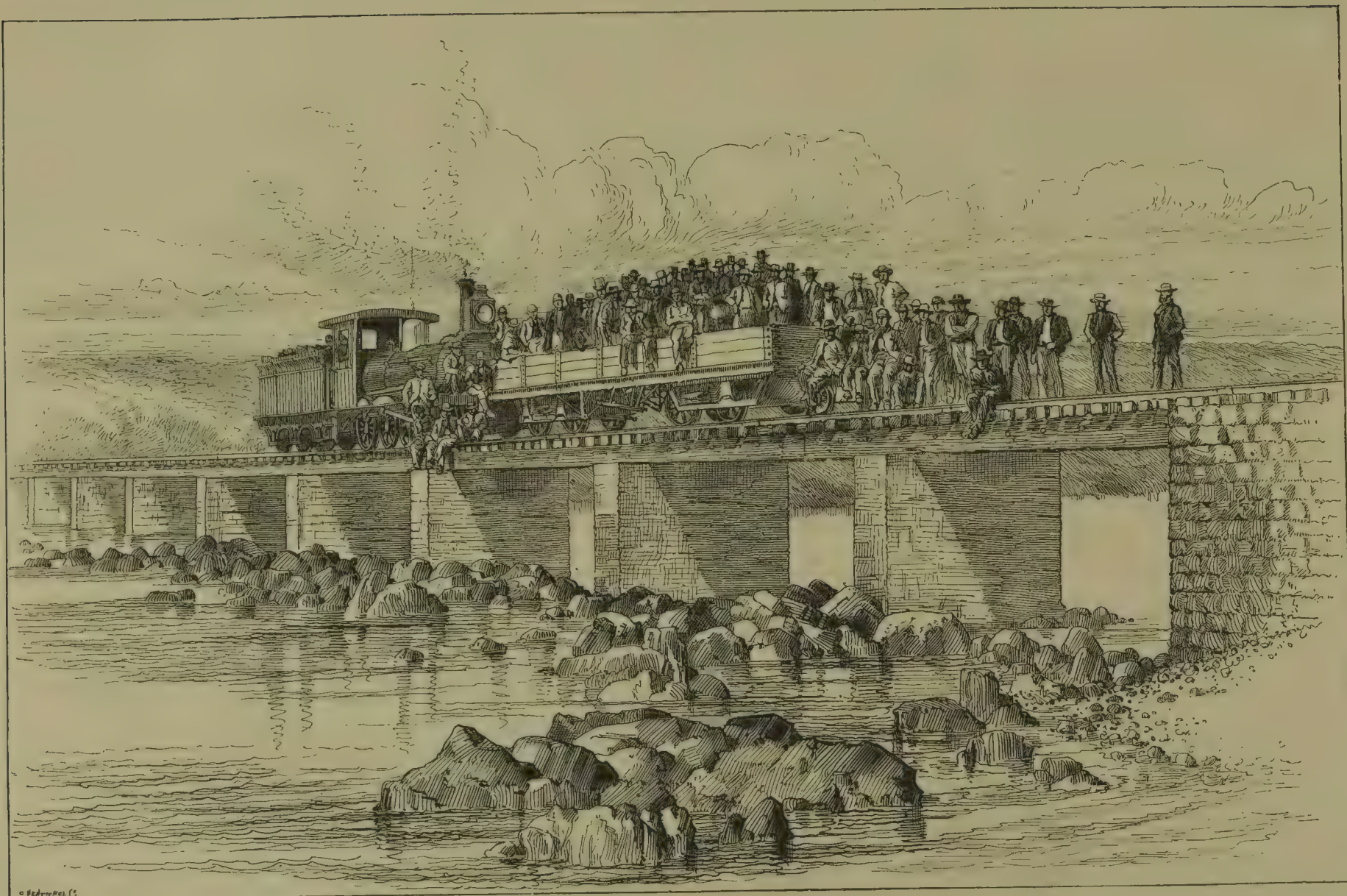
deep down, as if through the arena of some amphitheatre whose mighty sides are all curtained with graceful foliage of ten thousand hues. There seems to be no outlet to the stream yonder: the sudden bend and the leafy, undented screen trick the eye into the fascinating delusion. The whole scene has a remarkable resemblance to the wooded gorge at Tivoli, and a fine cenotaph, open, of circular form and Greek design, supported by nine graceful pillars of polished granite, and containing a bust of the late Duke, makes the illusion complete.

Continuing our course, amid charming woodlands, along the rocky defile which soars high above the river bed, we approach the grim, grey ruins of Cadzow Castle, perched on a perpendicular cliff high above the swaying birches and pines beneath—

Like sentinel in fairy land.

Here, as at Barncluith, the Avon flows through a deep and richly wooded chasm, with here and there a crag, warm and ruddy in the sunlight, peering like the angle of a bastion from out the umbrageous screen. The murmuring stream, far down, sings on in soothing monody, the birds are all hushed in the drowsy noon, a solitary hawk flutters high up in the blue on waiting wing, while, on the crest of the bank beyond, stand out, in sombre outline against the clear sky, a brotherhood of dark yew-trees.

Cadzow Castle is of great antiquity, the old Scottish Kings having held their Courts there as far back as 1153 and 1289. It was the original seat of the Hamilton family, having been conferred on a chief of that house immediately after the battle of Bannockburn, being a Royal residence for more than two centuries previous. Now all is dismantled—no need for strong drawbridge or pacing watchful warders. The moat is dry and overgrown with rank weeds, while out of the roofless



THE FIRST RAILWAY ENGINE CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER IN SOUTH AFRICA.



WOOD IN THE OBERLAND.



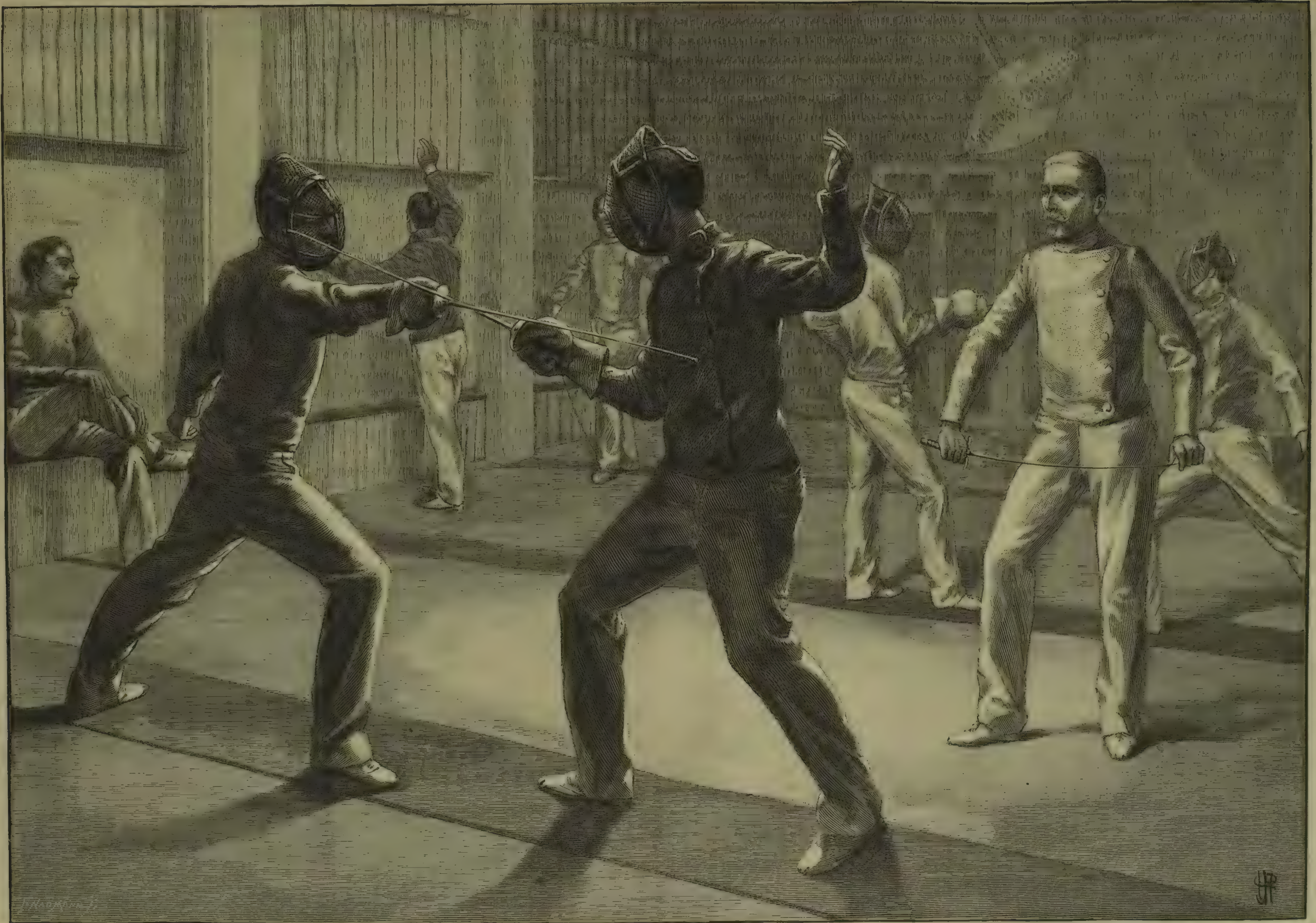
THE PASTOR'S HOUSE AND MULBERRY-TREE.



THE YUNK GATE (NATURAL ARCH IN CLIFF).



THE NORTH POINT,



A SCHOOL OF ARMS.—DRAWN BY H. P. JACKSON.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

DUX FEMINA.

Once upon a time I remember seeing a melodrama of the most typical kind, in which the comic man made his *entrée* with the words "Here we are again!"—the Queen says when she opens Parliament." The comedian's phrase, which, it must be confessed, has a Dickens-like touch about it, applies to a topic which has of late years been perennially flourished before the reading public. I allude to the question of woman's sphere and woman's work. In almost every magazine you may peruse, one phase or other of this topic appears. Turn to the daily newspaper, and "here we are again" with leaders on woman's mission, on feminine crazes, and on female rights and female wrongs. There are now on the bookshelves, I believe, at least two journals "written by women for women"—which is, of course, a protest against the idea (a mistaken one, I venture to think) that all other newspapers are "written by men for men." Persons of a biological turn of mind have been discussing the feminine sphere of late from the evolutionary point of view. There have been drawn parallels more or less (probably the latter) to the point between the queen-bee and the human female. Man, poor soul! has been paraded as the tyrant and the despot, compared with whom an autocratic Czar is really the beneficent "little father" of his people. Rude scientists have discussed woman's mission (as the mother) in terms almost too plain for ordinary folks to read without qualms; but the ladies themselves do not object to enter the arena of controversy, and, on the give-and-take principle, to champion their cause with vigour and skill. Sir Andrew Clark has lately been telling us that mesmerism has a twenty-five years' ebb and flow. The question of woman's place and power as a social unit comes to the front every seven years or so (the ladies will not wait a quarter of a century, like the mesmerists); and I myself can at least remember three epochs in which the question of feminine influence has been hotly discussed, only to grow lukewarm, and finally to die down as do the plants in our gardens.

I do not profess to be one whit wiser than my fellow-men who have written on this topic, and I am possibly less instructed than many of my brother-units in the matter of feminine claims to equality with the male sex. But, at the same time, I have taken part as a public teacher in not a few movements which have had for their aim the higher education of women; and, as a relatively old hand in the matter of examinations, I may claim to have had my own share of experience of what the feminine mind may do in the way of intellectual work. That experience confirms me in the belief that to whatever intellectual heights man may attain, woman may also climb. Senior Wranglers and classics, of the feminine gender, have proved this much, and I can add that, where hard mental work is the way of success, women will appear quite as successful travellers therein as their male competitors and fellow-students. This much goes without saying. When, however, I turn to my past experiences, and to those of other and older teachers, I come upon the fact that the number of female students who distinguish themselves is, on the whole, relatively (to the total number) less than that of male students. This is a point which seems worthy of being statistically tested. I can only submit for further examination the proposition, that of equal numbers of men and women, starting on an intellectual career, there will be a larger proportion of men attaining a high place than of women. I must add that I am taking the case of men and women equally engaged in educational work. I do not mean to compare women who have means, leisure, and time to specialise one or two studies over the heads of their male neighbours. That such favoured units should shoot ahead of their male compeers, engaged in a multiplicity of studies, is no matter for wonder at all.

It is not alone in the intellectual sphere, however, that women nowadays desire to shine. Lady cricketers are a reality of our day; and I note that a certain medical journal comes down heavily (as only a grandmotherly stick can strike the floor) on a still later idea that ladies (it is less polite than I, and says "women") are thinking of practising "the noble art of self-defence." Mrs. Grundy is a detestable personage at the best, I fancy, but one may certainly have sympathy with her when she inquires, as regards this latest "fad" of womankind, "From or against whom are they going to defend themselves?" Possibly my lady readers will say that cricket and pugilism are not corollaries to intellectual culture, and that Gorton and Newnham have nothing in common with the ways and manners of the Pelican Club. Perfectly true, I admit; but are we so sure that when some people speak of the liberation of women—who tyrannises over and subdues them I know not—they ever think that intellectual freedom can no more be the universal goal of their sex than mental culture can represent the only goal and acme of the male persuasion? All women are no more capable of becoming intellectual giants than are all men capable of appearing as Senior Wranglers or as classical experts; and this is precisely the point which energetic lady reformers seem to miss. Following in the very train of intellectual culture in women, we must have the desire to distinguish themselves in physical sports. Lawn-tennis will shortly give place to cricket; and from cricket to boxing is only a stone's-throw, after all.

As a biologist, I do not wholly agree with those of my kith and kin who have of late been informing the world that woman's only mission is at home. For one thing, in these overcrowded islands of ours, many women can never (more's the pity) have homes of their own to care for. But I do protest strongly against the other view of matters, which asserts that home, husband, and children are about the last things a woman should think about; and it seems to me this culture and cricket-playing are tending gradually to wear woman away from the sphere in which she must always reign supreme. This is no question of whether a woman may or may not be intellectual and cultured. That goes without saying. It is a question, however, of social welfare, of woman's happiness, and of man's comfort and joy—observe I place the male phases last of all. Every opening for women's work is a true blessing. I never see a girl in a post-office but I think kindly of the Government that has made such a phase of labour possible—if only (sometimes) the young ladies in the post-offices would gossip less and attend more strictly to business. To render the girls of the middle-classes independent and self-reliant is surely no hindrance to womanliness, and no barrier to their developing and retaining all that makes them fit helpmates for man. There is a dearth of servants, I am told, and this is because girls are beginning to aspire somewhat, and to seek for positions in which personal liberty is less fettered than in the kitchen and pantry. But things will right themselves later on. "The liberation of the sex" will come in time to mean the clearer understanding that all work is noble, and all labour dignified, as Carlyle put it long ago. And when our sisters and cousins and aunts have had their "say" (that most precious article in woman's code of liberty), the lady cricketers and female pugilists will be as rare as dodos, and women will find then, as now, that the home is the sphere in which they must always be most "at home."

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C P P (Clapham).—Your problem shall be published if it is sound. The Chess Monthly and the British Chess Magazine are the most likely for your purpose.
W DONALDSON (Bishop, Orange Free State).—The first impression of your new effort is favourable, and it shall appear. Thanks for your interesting letter.
P O'CONNELL (Madras).—Your solutions are all right, but your problem, we fear, will not do. We have seen one of the sort from India before.
O H B (Cape Colony).—You have done well, and the winner of the prize may congratulate himself that you were not a member of the club.
G H M (Dundee).—Thanks for the same. We shall probably find room for it shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2404 received from O M B (Cape of Good Hope) and P O'Connell (Madras); of No. 2405 from O M B, P O'Connell, and P Sinford; of Nos. 2406 and 2407 from P O'Connell; of No. 2408 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay) and P A Hill (St. Paul, Minn.); of No. 2409 from F A Hill; of No. 2410 from W Barrett, Aunis, and Captain J A Challice; of No. 2411 from T N Smalllewe, W Barrett, W L Salisbury (Leicester), and W G P; of No. 2412 from M Mullendorff (Luxemburg), W Barrett, P C (Shrewsbury), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), T G (Ware), H Beumann (Berlin), Edward Goodwin, W F Payne, James Paul (Tulose-hill), W G P, and Torricese.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2413 received from Fr Fernando (Dublin), P C (Shrewsbury), A W Hamilton Gell, Dr Waltz (O-tend), H Beumann, J S Yeo, Sinford, Columbus, R H Brooks, Jupiter Junior, J Coad, Dr F St, N Harris, F S C (Hampstead), W F Payne, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T Roberts, M Burke, W H Reed (Liverpool), E E H, A Newman, B Casella (Paris), H S B (Rou Rhedding), Mrs Hereward, W S Daniels (Southampton), D R Herbert Chow, W Wright, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Hall, B D Knox, G L Smith (Shrewsbury), C E Perugini, Julia Short (Exeter), James Kibble, E Louden, Odham Club, James Paul, T G (Ware), A Gwinner, R Winters (Canterbury), H K Abbott (Fareham), T S Bishop, T N Smalllewe, and Geo Long.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2411.—By W. HEITZMAN.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K 4th
2. Q to Kt 3rd
3. Q mates.

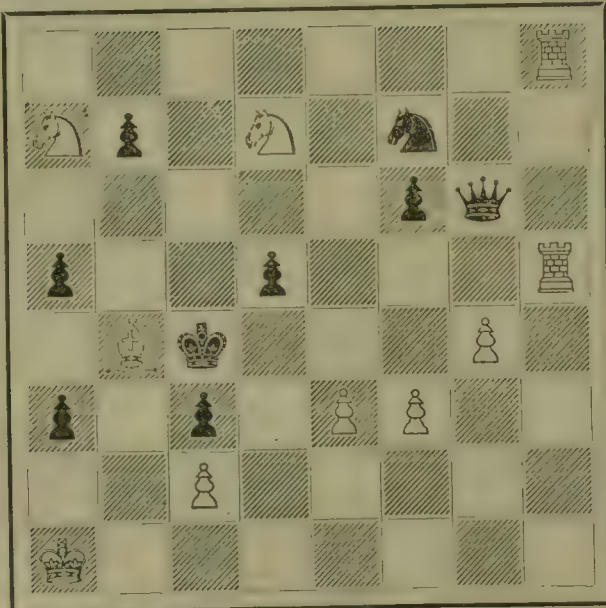
BLACK.
K takes Kt
P to K 4th

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. K to Q 3rd; and if 1. P to Q 6th, then 2. Q to Q 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2415.

By L. DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in Simpson's Handicap between Messrs. GOSSIP and MASON. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to B 4th P to Q 4th
4. P takes Q P P to K 5th

Black may play here Kt takes P, the game proceeding as follows: 5. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 6. P takes P, Kt to Q B 3rd; 7. Kt to K B 3rd, B to Kt 5th; 8. B to K 2nd, Kt takes P; and Black's position is considered by some authorities to be slightly preferable.

5. B to Kt 5th (ch) P to B 3rd
6. P takes P P takes P
7. B to B 4th B to Q 4th
8. K Kt to K 2nd Castles
9. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to Q 5th
10. Q to K 2nd B to Kt 5th
11. Q to B sq Q Kt to Q 2nd
12. P to K R 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
13. B to K 2nd B to Q 2nd
14. Kt to Q sq

At this point, White's position appears terribly cramped, in comparison with the freedom of the opposing forces; but the rapidity with which White now develops his game proves how deceptive was the strength of Black's attack.

14. Q R to Q sq
15. P to B 3rd Q to Q 4th
16. P to Q Kt 4th B to K 2nd
17. Kt to K 3rd Q to Q 3rd
18. Kt (from Kt 3rd) B takes Kt to B 5th
19. Kt takes B Q to B 2nd
20. Q to B 2nd K R to K sq
21. Castles B to B sq
22. Kt to K 3rd Kt (from Kt 3rd) to Q 4th
23. P to R 3rd B to Q 3rd
24. P to Kt 3rd P to B 4th

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
This move certainly seems to weaken his position on the Queen's side, and does not commend itself in the subsequent results.

25. B to Kt 5th R to K B sq
26. B to Kt 2nd Q to B sq
27. K to R 2nd P to Q R 3rd
28. B to K 2nd Kt takes Kt
29. P takes Kt Kt to Q 4th
30. P to B 4th Kt to K 2nd
31. B to B 3rd B to Kt sq
32. K R to Q sq B to R 2nd
33. P to Kt 4th B to Kt sq
34. K to Kt 2nd P to B 3rd
35. P to Q Kt 5th P to Kt 4th

A most hazardous move, to which White replies with admirable judgment.

36. R takes R Q takes R
37. R to Q sq Q to B 2nd
38. B to Q 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd
39. B to Q B sq P to B 4th
40. R to Q 5th Kt to K 2nd
41. R to Q sq Kt to Kt 3rd
42. P to Q Kt 4th P takes Kt P
43. B takes P P takes B P
44. B to K 6th (ch) K to Kt 2nd

This loses the Queen; but the game was in any case irrevocable. White has played throughout against his great opponent with masterly skill.

45. R to Q 7th (ch) Q takes R
46. B takes Q P to B 6th (ch)
47. K to B sq R to Q sq
48. Q to Q 2nd Kt to B sq
49. B to Kt 2nd (ch) K to R 3rd
50. Q to B 3rd R takes B
51. Q to B 6th (ch) Kt to Kt 3rd
52. P to R 4th
And in a few more moves Black resigns.

Chess at Odds of Pawn and Move. Compiled by Baxter Wray. (London: W. W. Morgan jun.)—Although much has been written on the openings—and of books concerning them there is no end—those debuts in which odds are given seem to be singularly neglected by analysts. A satisfactory treatise on such is about the last original thing left to be done in chess, and, with so much literary talent at command, it is a wonder the task has not yet been undertaken. Whenever it is attempted, the work under notice will have its use. It is an industrious gleaner from English chess publications prior to 1870 of games played at odds of pawn and move, with the critical notes appended to them at the time they appeared. Why there is nothing of a later date it is difficult to see, unless modern tendency to distinguish professional from amateur play has proved fatal to odds-giving among masters. Handicap play in clubs, however, is a growing feature of the game, and both for givers and receivers of odds a book like this, with its selection of 250 contests, must be invaluable. A further volume is promised on odds of Pawn and two moves.

A short friendly match has been proposed between Mr. Gunston, the winner of the first prize at the recent meeting of the Counties Chess Association, and the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, its hon. secretary. The onerous duties of this latter gentleman in connection with the meeting naturally interfere with his play, and his desire to test his skill with Mr. Gunston is not unreasonable.

The Rev. Canon Price, of Downpatrick, has been appointed, by the Bishop of Down, Archdeacon of Down, in succession to the late Archdeacon Gibbs.

At the parish church of Mattingley, Hants, the Bishop of Guildford has unveiled a stained-glass window to the memory of the late Viscount Eversley.

In the month of June 11,042 tons of fish were delivered at Billingsgate Market, and of this quantity 51 tons 11 cwt. were seized by the officers of the Fishmongers' Company as unfit for food. The condemned fish included 16 tons of plaice, all immature fish. During the same month 1244 tons of fish were delivered at the Shadwell Market.

KILMENY.

Perhaps every man has somewhere behind in the far perspective of his life a sunny place whither, with a sigh, at times his heart goes wistfully back. Somewhere, surely, in the memory of each of us, unless we be altogether of the wooden and ungracious order, there remains a haunting fragrance—the touch long since of a tender hand, the light of a sweet and gentle face. Rough may have been the road since then, the heavens dark and the heart weary; but, like a flower between the pages of a book read amid the hedge-lanes long ago, again and again some chance recalls the sunny and happy time, reopens the fountains of old tenderness, stirs once more the fragrance of remembered charm.

Of this sort is the story of the miniature found the other day, with a spray of yellow broom and of pink hawthorn, and a couple of notes in a girlish hand, in the desk of Blank. Something of a Sidney Carton in heart and fate, he had not much, poor fellow! to bequeath, and the legacy of the desk was probably determined by the knowledge that its recipient would understand, to some extent, and would value the associations of its contents.

Curiously inappropriate, sometimes, fall the lots of life, right and left. While the hard, rasping file of a man, without warmth enough in his nature to attach to himself a single friend, marries a devoted wife to make her wretched, one like Blank, sensitive and responsive above all things to the touch of sympathy, may go through life alone and die a bachelor. To such a one again and again inevitably there must come an hour of aching, an hour when he feels himself "like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted," when the lights have burnt down and the guests have said good-bye. Then it may be that the mists melt softly in the twilight avenues of the past, and tenderly comes back a memory like the memory of Kilmeny.

Kilmeny was not her real name. She was called by the beautiful name of a goddess worshipped and sung long ago in the summer nights at sea by the Vikings of the North. And doubtless of such a nature as hers must have been the fair Norse goddess: in the rudest ages, strangely, with vague yearning, men have dreamed sweet dreams, and have carried the gentle ideal in their hearts. But Blank liked more often to call her Kilmeny. She was the reality, he said, of the pure creature imagined in his most inspired moment by the Ettrick Shepherd, that "bonnie Kilmeny" with fair, sweet face who long ago "gaed up the glen," and whose presence, like a faint memory of summers bygone, seems to linger yet among the Yarrow hills. Her mission in the blossom-bung, moss-carpeted woods and in the fern-tangled dells was the same—

It was but to hear the yorlin sing,
And to put the cross-flower down by the spring,
The scarlet hip and the hinde-berrie,
And the nest that hings frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

She was scarcely fifteen when he knew her first, and with charmed eyes he watched her, as one might watch a rich flower blush petal after petal into bloom. Kin she seemed by a secret tie to Nature, wild and free; and from the long summer days she spent, no one else knew where, in the depths of the sunny, fir-scented woods, she brought back with her a breath of the poetry which the artist too often seeks for in vain. Stories of strange adventure, too, she brought back with her out of the woods and fields. The lives of the timid wild creatures were to her an open book; finch and squirrel were her near acquaintance; and seldom was she to be met but with some exquisite bit of the wilderness in her hands—lichens, purple and silver, or some sheeny bird's feather of golden silk. As she wandered, book in pocket, by the buttercup field-paths in nesting-time, she seemed to know by instinct every mossy hiding-place of speckled eggs or callow young, and to her the tenants of those secret and happy nooks appeared ever confidently "at home." With an artless touch she seemed to win the loves of the wild creatures. Almost pathetic it was to discover the devotion to her of her own domestic retainers. There was a dachshund in particular, a beautiful, golden-brown animal which she and her sister had sat up for three whole nights in succession to nurse through the distemper. He followed her everywhere, even to church more than once, with the most blind and foolish affection. A word of reproach from her lips made him droop eyes and tail for days in the most pitiful dejection; and, strange rival to the knights of old who carried their lady's glove to battle, when Kilmeny was out of reach Phaeton consoled himself for her absence by keeping beside him, among the straw of his basket, one of her dainty shoes.

She possessed a secret key to all hearts, and it was not likely that the rusty wards of Blank's should remain untouched by its charm. A bit of a poet, he used to tell about her a pretty story which it is difficult to repeat. One summer night in the dusk, it seemed, he and one or two of her own family, coming up the avenue to the house, heard the sound of music in the drawing-room. Stepping softly over the grass to the open window, he beckoned the rest presently to follow, and through the casement they saw a picture as exquisite as it was simple. In the faint lamplight at the open piano Kilmeny was just finishing the last bars of a favourite song—

Over my slumbers your gentle watch keep!
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

And, as the notes of her fresh young voice died away, she threw back her head with its wave of chestnut hair, her fingers lingering on the keys, and her throat white against the shadow—an unconscious picture to be seen but once. In another moment the spell was broken, she had become aware of onlookers, and, with a start and an exclamation of dismay, had fled from the room.

Blank used to twit her with her loves among the birds, and once, when he had bribed her to go to church with him, just as the benediction was pronounced, suddenly there came through the open doorway amid the sunny stillness the long sweet note of a mavis outside. "There is one of your sweet-hearts calling for you, Kilmeny," he whispered. And she looked up softly with a blush and a smile, half believing, for it seemed almost to be true.

They had to part at last, however, Kilmeny and Blank; for duty comes to sever the closest of friends, and death at the latest draws a dividing curtain across. But to the end the memory of that gentle girl-friendship shed a tender influence on his life. The mention of her name brought always a quiet, far-off look to his eyes; her miniature and her flowers lay cherished in his desk; and the thought of Kilmeny filled a sacred, sweet chamber in his heart.

G. E. T.

Henley Regatta was concluded on July 10, in delightful weather, the several events being won as under: Grand Challenge Cup, London Rowing Club; Wyfold Challenge Cup, Kingston Rowing Club; Diamond Challenge Sculls, Guy Nickalls; Ladies' Challenge Plate, Balliol College B.C.; Stewards' Challenge Cup, Brasenose College; Thames Challenge Cup, Thames Rowing Club; Silver Goblets, Oxford University B.C.; and Visitors' Challenge Cup, Brasenose College.

OUR OLDEST POTTERY AND GLASS BUSINESS.

The career of our oldest Pottery and Glass business will be of interest to most readers. Looking back, it seems a very short time since china was first made in England. The Chelsea factory, which was the first of any note, was started only about two hundred years ago. This factory was bought by the proprietor of the Derby factory (which first started work about 1756) in the year 1770, and removed to the Derby works

in 1784, where, eventually, Mr. Edward Phillips became part owner and managing director. Phillips's, our oldest Pottery and Glass Manufacturers, first opened premises in London for the sale of china and glass in 1760, at 175, Oxford-street, since which time it has been handed down from father to son, and is still being carried on by them, on the same spot. In the early part of this century they bought the freehold, and it can be easily imagined, with the progress that has been made, how valuable this property has now become.

The first engraving represents Phillips's a hundred years ago.

These are the premises in which their Majesties King George



PHILLIPS'S 100 YEARS AGO.

III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria used to purchase their china and glass. The engraving is taken from an old one in possession of the firm. What a change has taken place since then! Six years ago the old premises still stood, but with windows altered to suit the times, and the front painted white. In 1884 they were partly destroyed by fire, but in a very short time this energetic firm had erected a magnificent building in their place.

Another engraving represents the present premises, designed by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, the architect of the Imperial Institute. The frontage, which is composed of terra cotta and red brick, is very beautiful, and it ranks among the finest buildings in London. The Royal family still, as they always have done, patronise this establishment. It was only last week that H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales walked through these galleries and admired the works of art, particularly the table decorations, for which the firm are so justly noted. At the Botanical Fête, on July 2, they showed they still maintained their reputation, for they took first, second, and third prizes, and a special prize of a large silver medal. Particulars of some of these table decorations were given in our last issue.

The tall vase (of which we give an engraving) is of Doulton (Burslem) manufacture, is 2 ft. 8 in. high; the neck and foot are chocolate and canary colour, with raised gold decoration;

the London business of the Royal Worcester Porcelain Company, at 155, New Bond-street. Last year they transferred this business to their Oxford-street premises, where now all their energies are centred. They have been plucky enough to start in a new line, which deserves the support of everyone, for they have determined for the future to keep no more foreign china and glass. It is well known that the quality is very inferior to the English, and the importation of it has done an immense deal of harm to our potteries and glass manufactories. It is to be hoped that other firms will follow in their footsteps: if the public would only insist on having English, they would soon be forced to do so.

To give some idea of the energy of this firm, they have registered and

patented nearly fifty designs and processes during the last two years, each one of which must have entailed a large amount of thought and knowledge. The show-rooms are, undoubtedly, the finest in the world, and the contents thereof also. They contain everything that can be needed, from the modest house to the palace, but all in the best taste.

As I have said before, table decorations are a specialty, there being twelve tables always set out for dinner and dessert in the latest styles: they even go to the expense of getting Gérard et Cie. to do the floral decorations, so that the public may see even in this what is being done. When visiting the establishment you should ask to see the Sanctum, where all the finest works of art are kept. Here are vases by Solon, pâte sur pâte, costing as much as 1200 guineas a pair—vases finer than were ever made at Sèvres, each one in itself entirely original, and the work most beautifully carried out by that noted artist; a dessert service just manufactured by the firm, the decoration by the same artist, value 1000 guineas. The things each worth a visit are too numerous to mention.

A jug, a copy of an old black jack which had been used in the army in the reign of Charles I., is worthy of note. It is made in brown earthenware, and is engraved with a crown, C.R., and 1646, which cutting is on the original. They also have them in glass. They are made in all sizes, from a cream-jug to one which will hold two gallons. They quite take the place of the old Toby jugs, and have this advantage—they make an ornament for a sideboard, and do not find their resting-place in the pantry.

The jardinière in Louis XIV. style (of which we give an engraving) is one of a set of eighteen models which the firm have just completed, and the whole or a portion of them form a very attractive table decoration. Engravings, with dimensions and prices of all the latest novelties, may always be obtained upon application.

A place in which it is easier to select a wedding present, or fit up a house, cannot be imagined. The pre-eminence which Phillips's have enjoyed for the last 130 years is sure to be maintained, and, it is to be hoped, for the next 130 years; for it is deserved, by the energy they display, and the straightforward way in which they carry on their business.—ESOR.



VASE.

DOULTON'S IVORY PORCELAIN.

the body, an ivory tone, with a group of chrysanthemums most beautifully painted and richly gilt. The ewer illustrated is of the same manufacture—the body an ivory tone with a spray of painted flowers; the neck, a silver ground, with raised gold flowers.

In 1846 Phillips's purchased



JARDINIÈRE IN LOUIS XIV. STYLE.

WHITE CHINA.



PHILLIPS'S TO-DAY.



EWER.

DOULTON'S IVORY PORCELAIN.

"A PENNY IN THE SLOT."

Watchwords, mottoes, set phrases have played not only a conspicuous but an influential part in the great drama of the world's history. Such seemingly innocent arrangements of innocent letters—such apparently trivial combinations of vowels and consonants, "labiates" and "aspirates"—and yet so all-important to poor humanity! Yes; and yonder handful of black dust looks innocuous enough—a child's breath might blow it away—and all the while it contains within itself the potential elements of destruction. "Words, words, words!" Do not make light of them, I pray you; for, if they can stir the heart to noble deeds, they can also sink it into depths of degradation, like that insane root which takes the reason prisoner. You know what Byron says?—

Freedom, religion, vengeance—what you will—
A word's enough to set mankind to kill!

This, however, is only a half-truth: for a word is also enough to set mankind to work or pray. "O Liberty!" cried Madame Roland, at the foot of the guillotine, "what crimes have been done in thy name!" And we who are born into a happier age may add: "What deeds of good have been accomplished—what victories of peace have been won!" Of old, that specious phrase "Divine Right and Passive Obedience" led whole masses of men astray, and into such wildernesses and quagmires that it is a wonder men ever got out of their toils. For "Civil and Religious Freedom" Hampden died, and Milton sacrificed his gift of sight, and Algernon Sidney bowed his comely head upon the scaffold. It was to the shout of "The Lord of Hosts is with us!" that those terrible Ironsides of Cromwell rode down their enemies on so many victorious fields. Take the word "Glory"—what a world of mingled memories lies within its quincunx of letters! How men have endured and wrought—how they have striven, sinned, and suffered for its sake! We catch no echo of it in Nelson's "A peerage or Westminster Abbey"—the aspiration with which he led his fleet into the stress of battle. And then the word "Duty"—what a noble watchword that has been to the world's Luthers and Riddles, its Lawrences, Wellingtons, and Gordons! How much might be written upon it, and upon "Love," and upon "Friendship"—on the sacrifices they have demanded, and the blessings they have bestowed!

So it has been always in the past, so will it be always in the future. Humanity has done nothing, and can and will do nothing, without the impulse of a watchword or battle-cry to rally its energies, concentrate its purposes, corroborate its will, and direct its efforts. It must have its Pied Pipers to lead it up the steep and across the rolling rivers, with those enchanting magical strains of theirs which it is so sweet to hear—that strange music from Elfland which we are bound to follow. "Words, words, words!" All the past and future of our race is gathered up in and absolutely depends upon them. No treasure cave will reveal its secrets until the seeker repeats the "Open Sesame!" No spirits answer the magician's call until he mutters the "Abracadabra!"—the mystical word of power. No gates in the Golden City will fly back at your approach unless you can respond to the challenge of the sentinel with the ordained password. Yes, words, words, words rule our hearts and minds, as they control our fortunes. You cannot get into any literary coterie unless you master and accept the shibboleth which its members have made their own. There is never an artist's "school" but it has its own indispensable formula, which unless you swallow you may not hope to find "salvation." As for political parties, they go to the country with "a cry," and they wage

war to the knife over "a cry," and they drum from their ranks any Judas who is suspected of disowning it. The religious world is equally intent on particular creeds and articles—on forms of words which acquire in the minds of those who recite them so remarkable a validity that all others are denounced as spurious and untrue, while the unhappy wights professing them are eyed askant as "heretics."

Moreover, each generation has its own particular "brand"—the motto, the watchword, the slogan in which it puts its credulous faith. Once upon a time all England resounded with "Number Forty-nine." Once upon a time Scottish nobles and gentlemen drew their claymores for "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Not much more than half a century ago Manchester and Birmingham were prepared to march upon London for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." Then came the loud-resounding battle-cry of "Free Trade and the Big Loaf." The day has been when the two words "No Popery" could stimulate the passions of the multitude to uncontrollable fervour. And now, in our own age, what is the great popular utterance? By what pregnant and momentous phrase, expressive of the thought or feeling, the hopes or fears, of the classes and the masses will the present generation be remembered? "Home Rule," "Integrity of the Empire," "A Free Breakfast Table," "Three Acres and a Cow," "An Eight-Hours Working Day," "Compensation for the Publican"—will it be any one of these? No: I am firmly convinced that the great watchword of the hour, which unites both the classes and the masses, the spinners and the toilers, with those who neither spin nor toil, men and women, old age and youth, Tory and Radical, Home Ruler and Unionist, is—"A Penny in the Slot!"

We, the heirs of all the ages, now see the fruits of the labour and suffering of the race in those wonderful machines which respond to the cabalistic formula—"A Penny in the Slot!" To this great end has wrought the mind of Shakespeare, the analysis of Bacon, the science of Newton, the statesmanship of Chatham, the ingenuity of James Watt. "Hamlet" was written, and so was the "Novum Organum"—the "Principia" were thought out—England was raised into an Imperial Power—the steam-engine adapted to its mighty task—all, all, that at our street corners and on our railway platforms we might gratefully and gladly obey the emphatic mandate or caressing invitation (take it which way you like)—"Put a Penny in the Slot!" And see what comes of our obedience. Do we want the sweet nutriment of Cadbury's Cocoa (warranted absolutely pure)?—put a Penny in the Slot. Would we soothe our excited nerves with the breath of the bland cigarette?—put a Penny in the Slot. Do we require the illuminating qualities of the Vesta match?—put a Penny in the Slot. Or would we measure our height, learn our weight, test our dynamic force?—oh, put a Penny in the Slot! And now, behold! you may gaze at a lens for four seconds, and at nothing for forty—then, a Penny in the Slot, and a photograph of your noble self rewards the modest investment. By-and-by, if we crave a sandwich, or a glass of ale, or a cup of coffee, or a ticket for the theatre, or a copy of the last new novel, or a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, or a chance in the latest prize competition, we shall have nothing to do but to—put a Penny in the Slot.

The more deeply I reflect upon the matter, the more thoroughly am I convinced that in this terse phraseology the present generation has, though perhaps unwittingly, summed up its experience of life. I believe it is intended to impress upon everybody a moral as Beautiful as it is True. Those who have availed themselves of the automatic benefactor are aware

that it is folly and disappointment to put in the slot *more or less* than a penny. Now, what does this fact teach? Obviously, that we should always proportion our means to the end we have in view. At least half the misery in the world is caused by the ignorance or the obstinacy which expends too much or too little on the desired object, which uses a giant's strength when only a dwarf's is needed, or a dwarf's where a giant's is indispensable. The secret of wisdom is—if you would not provoke the anger of the gods—to put just a Penny in the Slot, and *no more*. This is one of the truths which I seem to see adumbrated, as it were, by this most apt and pertinent collocation of words. But I fancy I see another—half veiled, perhaps, as Truth so often is: that without your penny the slot is, at least for you, worthless, and as if it were not; while without the slot your penny will lie in your pocket—a residuum, meaningless and unprofitable. Life becomes a trial when the slot exists without the penny, or the penny is there without the slot; it becomes a triumph when the two coexist and correlate, and you step forward like a conqueror to slip the Penny in the Slot. In like manner, the faculties of man are of little account unless the opportunity arises for their application and development; and the opportunity is a mockery and a delusion unless he possesses the means of seizing and making use of it. You cannot have a Napoleon without a French Revolution, or a Luther unless the Church is ripe for Reformation. There must be the penny and the slot; and he is the great man, or at all events the prosperous one, who brings them together, and puts the Penny in the Slot.

The great problem which the world has yet to solve is, How shall *every* man be put in this position—how shall all of us be furnished with both the slot and the penny? It lies at the bottom of practical Christianity, of philanthropic effort; is the abstruse and embarrassing problem which your Socialist in his humorous way would solve by multiplying the slots and dividing the pence! Some day or other, no doubt, the world will get out of the difficulty, if it be just and fear not. The other afternoon I saw a dainty little fellow in velvet knickerbockers drop a penny in the slot, and march off immediately thereafter with a packet of luscious sweets in his hand. Watching him with eager eyes was a boy in rags, dirty and unkempt, with never a penny to put in that wonder-working slot. He looked at his more fortunate "fellow-creature" for a moment; then his brow lowered, he took up a stone, and shied it at him. Ha! ha! thought I, here is an object-lesson on the social question—on the relations between Dives and Lazarus, between Capital and Labour. It all revolves around, and centres in, "A Penny in the Slot!" Given the slot, to find the penny; given the penny, to find the slot—lest ragged humanity should one day lose its temper and take to throwing stones. In his impetuous way, the impulsive young German Kaiser seems to be trying to work out these two sums in political arithmetic, and a good many generous and earnest spirits, who are not Kaisers, are patiently moving in the same direction. So that, after all, the watchword of the present generation is not such a mean or trivial one as a fastidious taste might be disposed to think it. For my part, I believe there is wisdom, hope, and promise in "A Penny in the Slot!" W. H. D.-A.

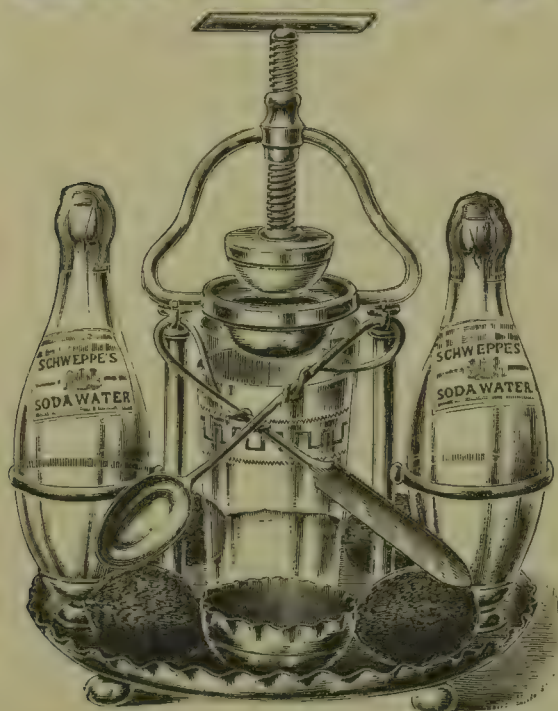
Lord Thring presented the prizes on July 12 at St. Mark's School, Windsor, the Commemoration Festival being attended by the Dean of Windsor, Canon Dalton, Canon Gee, and others. The chairman subsequently addressed the pupils, and, after urging them to endeavour to overcome any intellectual difficulties they might encounter, said it was "pluck" that carried a man through life.

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Unequalled for Hard Wear.

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MAPPIN and WEBB'S New Lemon Squash Frame, best Electro, with Lemon Squeezer, Sugar Basin, Two Tumblers, and spaces for Two Soda Bottles and Four Lemons. Complete, with Spoon and Saw, 26 6s.



Patent Club Bottle Holder. The simplest ever invented. Best Electro-Silver, 21 4s.



Richly Cut Glass Champagne Jug, with chased Electro Silver Mount and Cover. 1 1/2 pints, 23 15s.; 2 pints, 21 7s. 6d.; 3 pints, 25 5s.; 4 pints, 26 6s.



New Fluted "Cherry Ripe" Dish, best Electro, Gilt inside, 21 15s.



MAPPIN and WEBB'S celebrated Services of Plate and Cutlery in Stock, in all sizes, fitted in strong Oak Chests.



Engraved Cut-Glass Claret Jug, Sterling Silver Mounts, 24 5s.



Oak Salad Bowl, with Electro-Silver Mounts, 22 2s. Servers to match, 18s.



Electro-Silver Mustard-Pot, 21 2s. Sterling Silver, 22 10s.

REPEAL OF SILVER DUTY.
MAPPIN and WEBB are now prepared to make an equivalent reduction on all goods in stock at their London and Sheffield Warehouses.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer. In Morocco Case, 21 17s. 6d.



Electro-Silver Strawberry Dish, richly hand-chased, and part gilt, 21 15s. Spoon to match, 10s.

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£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.
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£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield. Three Galleons extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. **GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.**

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THE BEST DINNER IN LONDON.
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SEPARATE TABLES RESERVED FOR LARGE OR SMALL PARTIES.

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Excellent Breakfasts and Luncheons. Wines of the finest Brands.

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18 NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £600.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY.

SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITION.

Competitors not to be over 17 years of age last birthday.

The first of these Monthly Competitions will be on Aug. 31 next followed by others on Sept. 30, Oct. 31, Nov. 30, Dec. 31, &c., until further notice. The favourable consideration of Parents and Guardians and kind permission for their young people to compete for these prizes is asked on the following grounds:— There is no element of chance in these competitions, the winning of a prize depending entirely on the perseverance and trouble taken to collect the wrappers. The competitions are held every month, so failure in one does not discourage but stimulates to a fresh effort. The motto is—"If at first you don't succeed, Try, Try, Try again."

The articles given are all the best of their class.

RULES.

- I.—No competitor to be over 17 years of age.
- II.—The Competition will be held and Prizes awarded every month until further notice.
- III.—Competitors to save as many Sunlight Soap wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the bottom portion of each wrapper—that portion commencing "Now for the Sunlight Way of Washing." This portion, called the "Coupon," is to be saved for the competition.
- IV.—When as many of these "coupons" are collected as the competitor thinks will win a prize, send them, POSTAGE OR CARRIAGE PAID, to

LEVER BROS., Ltd.,
PORT SUNLIGHT,
Near BIRKENHEAD,

ENCLOSING WITH THE "COUPONS" a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his FULL Name and Address, age last birthday, the number of the competition entered for, and the number of coupons enclosed. This paper must be signed by three witnesses of over 20 years of age. Only one witness to be chosen out of the same house, and no witness out of the house competitor lives in.

V.—The "Coupons" to be sent in (postage or carriage paid) not later than the last day of the month. "Coupons" received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

VI.—The Prizes will be awarded amongst those sending in (for their age) the largest number of "Coupons," provided the paper with the "Coupons" is correctly filled up and witnessed according to Rule IV.

VII.—A competitor can only enter for one prize each month, but may compete every month if she or he wishes.

VIII.—Lists of Winners of each month's competition will be advertised until further notice in *Tit-Bits* the third week of the month following, but a printed list of winners will be forwarded ten days after each competition closes to competitors who send 1d. stamp to pay postage.

IX.—Employés of Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

X.—Lever Bros., Ltd., will award the prizes to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete for the prizes agree to accept the award of Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

MONTHLY COMPETITION.

Prizes value over £600.			
60 Silver Keyless Lever Watches value £4 4s. each.			
No.	Age.	No.	Age.
1	17 10 to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).	3	15 10 to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).
2	16 10 " " " "		
100 Silver Keyless Watches value 30s. each.			
4	14 10 to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).	7	11 10 to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).
5	13 10 " " " "	8	10 10 " " " "
6	12 10 " " " "		and under
8 Tricycles and 8 Safety Bicycles.			
Tricycles.		Bicycles.	
9	17 1 value £21 to girls, 1 value £20 to boys.	14	12 1 value £9 to girls, 1 value £7 to boys.
10	16 1 " £21 " " £20 " "	15	11 1 " £9 " " £7 " "
11	15 1 " £10 10s. " " £14 " "	16	10 1 " £7 " " £6 10s. " "
12	14 1 " £10 10s. " " £14 " "		and under
13	13 1 " £10 10s. " " £14 " "		

EXTRA PRIZES.

Unsuccessful competitors who have sent in not less than twenty-four "Coupons" will receive, free of cost and postage paid, a facsimile reproduction (size 16½ in. by 11½ in.) of the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy 1889, and named by us "So Clean." The *Daily Telegraph*, July 11, 1889, says of it: "A charming little picture." When this picture is out of print others will take its place.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.
£500 in 2000 Prizes.

Same Rules as for the Monthly Competitions.
"Coupons" for this competition to be sent in not later than Saturday, Dec. 13, 1890, and marked "Christmas Prize Competition."
Printed lists of the winners will be forwarded, on or before Dec. 23, to each competitor who encloses 1d. stamp for postage.

2000 Prizes as follows:—

Each winner may select whatever she or he wishes for a Christmas Prize in Books, Toys, Games, &c., to the value of about 5s. (a shilling or two over or under this figure will not matter), or may have 5s. in cash should they so wish.

No.	Age.	No.	Age.
17	17 125 prizes to girls, 125 prizes to boys.	23	12 125 prizes to girls, 125 prizes to boys.
18	16 125 " " 125 " "	24	11 125 " " 125 " "
19	15 125 " " 125 " "		and under
20	14 125 " " 125 " "		
21	13 125 " " 125 " "		

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

One day of Henley Regatta was favoured with bright sunshine, and the scene was all the more brilliant on that day because the previous wet weather had prevented people from distributing their attendance over the whole meeting. The river, flowing between its green banks—meadow on the one hand, lawns of sylvan residences on the other—was all alive with craft, from the tiny punt or yet more fragile canoe with its single occupant to the large house-boat. These latter extend in an unbroken line along a mile of course. They are covered with particoloured awnings, and many are charmingly decorated with shrubs and palms standing on the decks, and with lines of cut flowers slung along both the outside of the boat and edge of the awning. One house-boat produced a good effect with a white awning decorated exclusively and lavishly with sun-flowers. Another was made into a bower of roses, beneath a pink-and-white striped shade. A third had the windows and the hand-rail overlaid with poppies, marguerites, and corn-flowers. In the smaller boats the light dresses of the women and the gorgeously hued "blazers" or dainty white flannels of the men shone under the encouraging beams of the sun, in cool and pretty contrast with the green of the foliage and the neutral-tinted water.

Taking it altogether, Henley is a pretty and very English sight. Nowhere else are such girls as ours to be found. I will not contest that the French, the American, and the Italian "femme de trente ans" may be as enchanting as the British matron of the same age, because then actual bloom is fading, and manner and "style" are becoming of the first consequence. But the English maiden in her early blossom is our specialty. Her beauty is the product of our cloudy skies, and the general absence of that delightful but scorching sun which gives more vivid colour, but destroys delicate effect in flowers and in women's faces alike. The matchless complexions of English girls are never seen to more advantage than in the style of dress affected by most visitors to Henley and other open-air functions in the summer season.

Plain white embroidered cambric dresses, tennis flannels in pale stripes, creamy cashmeres and merinos, delicate-toned voiles, grey or fawn or drab cloths, white or blue serges, with not a few cottons and muslins, were worn by the young women. Most of the gowns were made with extreme simplicity. Shirts finished off with knotted ties, and worn with perfectly plain tweed or serge skirts and little loose-fronted jackets, were very much in favour, together with plain sailor hats trimmed only by a band of ribbon. In this guise, severe and simple to a degree that makes one think of the envious saying of Worth, that "English girls look like stable-boys in tailor-made gowns," nevertheless many young women managed to look perfectly charming. Smocked or tucked blouses were also in high favour, worn with muslin skirts.

On the house-boats were many more elaborate costumes, donned for the most part by matrons. One that I noticed was of grey cashmere, with a front of the same profusely and handsomely embroidered in white and grey silk, the full sleeves of white bengaline tied round in three places with white ribbon, of which also a trail appeared on the skirt. An effective gown was partly black velvet, partly black voile, the skirt of the latter veiled in wide-meshed Russian net, one side of the bodice in black velvet with jet embroidery nearly covering it, the other half of voile draped with net, both sides at the waist passing under a deep belt of velvet. Foulards were extremely popular with married ladies, and most of them were made up on yokes of velvet or

silk with sleeves to match. All sleeves are set high on the shoulder, and nearly always are made full either at the top only or quite to the wrist. Even with white cambric dresses coloured sleeves were often worn—mauve, pink, or blue cambric.

Miss Dorothy Tennant's wedding with Mr. Stanley made almost as much stir as if it had been Royal. Both bride and bridegroom are celebrities in their own several ways. Miss Tennant has been well known for years both as an artist and as a popular member of London society; her appearance is striking and distinguished. But this was a bridegroom's wedding. Never did I see a marriage in which the bride was of such small account as compared to the groom. In the first place, the great little man came in with a procession of groomsmen. There was a burst from the organ, and a procession, consisting of Mr. Stanley and his principal officers, passed along the nave: no quietly slipping in by the vestry, attended by a solitary "best man," for this bridegroom. The music then continued to play; there was no choir procession to usher in the bride, and no singing and no fresh outburst from the organ when she came. Almost secretly she stole up the nave, only her white veil making her a prominent figure. Two tiny pages and two yet tinier bridesmaids were her insignificant attendant train. It was indeed a contrast to the normal state of affairs at weddings, at which the ordinary bridegroom appears a person of small consequence, while the bride monopolises sympathy and notice. Miss Tennant looked extremely agitated and nervous, but handsome, in her white faille wedding-dress with front and cuffs embroidered in pearls, and her tulle veil fixed on with a diamond crescent, the bridegroom's gift, while the miniature of the Queen set in diamonds, given by her Majesty, hung at her throat. Her "going away" dress was of grey embroidered cashmere, made with a little grey velvet zouave.

What was very curious was that the wedding as a whole seemed so to be a man's affair. The distinguished guests were all of the bridegroom's sex: there were no "beauty women," no famous women artists or authors visible to support their sister artist and author, the bride. But at every moment one recognised in the Abbey some well-known man. There were Sir William Harcourt, in height and breadth remarkable in any crowd; Mr. John Morley, with his intensely clever, clean-shaven face; Mr. Courtney, the Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, and many who there obey his ruling, among them Mr. Harry Lawson and Mr. Justin McCarthy; literary celebrities like Mr. Lecky and Mr. Edmund Yates; medical ones, such as Mr. Ernest Hart; artistic ones, including Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais; and, to crown all, Mr. Gladstone. Yes, certainly it was a man's wedding, such as I never saw before! Of course, there were also plenty of women of station, and in beautiful raiment. The Duchess of Abercorn had on a superb blue-velvet gown. Countess Compton had a pretty grey dress with black bows on the shoulders. Lady Burdett-Coutts wore a fine trained gown of pinkish heliotrope, trimmed with Irish point. Mrs. Kendal looked particularly well in a dress of brown voile with velvet revers opening over a full front of pale-blue crêpe de Chine, and a bonnet of blue, yellow, and brown velvet bands twisted together. The reception was so crowded that some of the invited guests were still on their way to it from the Abbey nearly two hours after the ceremony, having had to wait for and in their carriages all that time.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's brief season at the French plays at Her Majesty's has revealed as one surprise to her admirers

that she has lately started an entirely novel figure. Her thinness and suppleness have long been talked of as characteristic. Perhaps it is the well-known changeableness of women—"Varium et mutabile semper foemina"; or perhaps it is in order to give us something to say about her, that she has suddenly appeared in "La Tosca" in a shape the same all the way down, and about thirty inches in circumference. Her dresses were uninteresting, almost shabby—very inferior to those worn by poor Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the same part—a trying, dreadful part it is, from the effects of which Mrs. Beere is now lying seriously, even dangerously, ill. In leaving the Court to rush to Cavaradossi's house, for instance, Mrs. Beere wore a superb mantle of gold plush, lined with white satin. Madame Bernhardt had a plain circular of heliotrope velvet, with a narrow band of white fur surrounding it; and the same comparative shabbiness ran all through, which was disappointing, considering how often we hear of her superb wardrobe. However, nobody could be disappointed with the charm and force of her acting in the principal moments.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A list of all Civil List pensions granted during the year ended June 20, 1890, has been printed by order of the House of Commons. The total sum amounts to £1200. A pension of £150 has been awarded to Mr. William Huggins, LL.D., and two pensions of £100 each to Mrs. Ellen S. Scott (widow of the late Major-General Henry Scott, C.B., R.E.) and Mrs. Bessie Hatch (widow of the late Rev. Edwin Hatch, M.A., M.D.). Miss Ellen Isabelle Tupper (daughter of the late Mr. Martin F. Tupper), Miss Rosamond Barnard (daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir H. W. Barnard, K.C.B.), Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Wood (widow of the late Mr. J. T. Wood), and Mrs. Augusta Therese Motteram (widow of the late Judge Motteram) have received pensions of £75 each. A pension of £70 has been granted to Lady Wilde, and pensions of £50 each to Mrs. Caroline Blanchard, Mr. John Absolon, the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., Dr. William Spark, Mrs. Kate J. Livingstone, Miss Catherine Shilleto, and Mrs. Jane Eleanor Wood (wife of the late Rev. J. G. Wood). Pensions of £25 each have been granted to the Misses Eliza and Mary Maguire (sisters of the late Dr. Thomas Maguire, of Trinity College, Dublin), and £20 each to the four unmarried daughters of the late Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.R.S.

Mr. James Morrison M'Leod of Collingham, Newark-on-Trent, has been elected secretary of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

The Eton and Harrow cricket-match on July 12 was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The Etonians went in first, and made 108, and Harrow followed with 133. Eton made good progress in their second innings, but the match was left drawn.—The match between the Australians and Gloucestershire terminated at Bristol on July 12 in a draw, owing to rain.

At the Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta, on July 12, on the Clyde, the cup presented by the Queen was sailed for, resulting in a very fine match and a very close finish, Mr. James Bell's Thistle being the winner. Mr. James Grant's Lenore won the handicap race for yachts above ten and not above thirty rating. For yachts above ten and not above twenty rating the match was won by Mr. W. S. Campbell's Chiquita.

Certificate of Analysis from DR. JOHN MUTER, F.R.S.E.,

Past President of the Society of Public Analysts; Editor of the "Analyst"; Author of "Manuals of Analytical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry and of Materia Medica."

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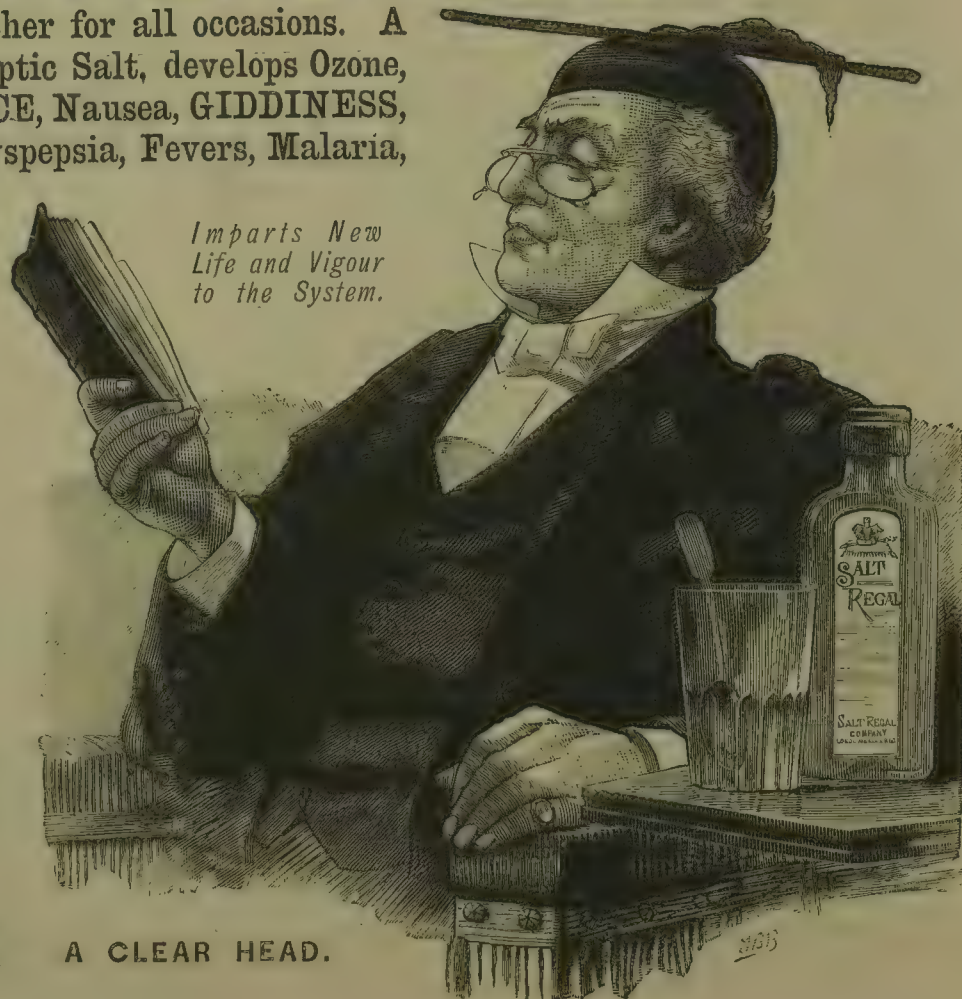
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Bismarck was subjected to extreme annoyance. He strongly suspected that his letters were overhauled in transit, and the ingenious remedy he adopted will be seen from the following.

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For use after Shaving.

Unequalled for the Nursery.

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On one occasion he and the Hanoverian representative walked together into a street which would be called a slum in London. Bismarck put on his gloves . . . and advanced to one of the little shops called "general," where the poor provided themselves with cheese, pickles, dried fish, &c. "Come in with me," said Bismarck. "Boy," said Bismarck to a dull-looking lad behind the counter, "do you sell soap?" "Yes, sir." "What soap?—what sorts have you got?" "This and this; and here's another," said the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strong-scented cakes. A piece was selected. Bismarck, as if suddenly recollecting himself, plunged his hand into a breast-pocket and drew out an unenclosed letter. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried, "Do you sell envelopes, boy?—bring them out!" Envelopes—wretched things—were produced; the letter was placed in one of them, and, asking for pen and ink, Bismarck set out to write the address. But with a monstrous thick glove on and tightly buttoned up, this was not easy to do. So, flinging down the pen impatiently, he said, "Here, boy; you can write, I suppose? 'Mr. Smith, ———'" &c. The scrawl finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop. "Now," said he to his friend, when they passed outside, at the same time putting the letter to his nose, "what with the soap, the candles, and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that!"—*From the NEW REVIEW.*

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1890) of Mr. Robert Tunstill, J.P., late of Monkholme, Brierfield, Lancashire, who died on May 1 last, was proved at the Lancaster District Registry on June 13 by Harry Tunstill, the nephew, Thomas Hoyle Whitehead, and John Ecroyd, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £174,000. The testator gives £10 for each year they have been in his service at his death to the servants at Monkholme, including gardeners and coachmen; £30,000, upon trust, to pay £250 per annum to Mrs. Sarah Jane O'Connor, the widow of his late brother Joseph, for life, and, subject thereto, for his nephews and niece, Harry Knowles Tunstill, Josephine Tunstill, and Arthur Egerton Tunstill, the children of his said brother; his wines, provisions, and consumable stores to his sister Lucy Hartley; and his residence, Monkholme, with the indoor and outdoor furniture and chattels, and the stables and pleasure grounds, to his said sister, for life. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two fifths to his brother William; one fifth, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Aivril Brown, for life, and then for her children; one fifth, upon trust, for his sister Ann Whitehead, her husband, and children; and one fifth, upon trust, for his said sister Lucy Hartley, for life, and then for his brother William, and his sisters Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Whitehead, and his said nephews and niece, Harry Knowles, Josephine, and Arthur Egerton.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1890) of Mr. Jonathan Mellor, J.P., late of Fair Lawn, Lytham, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 9 last, was proved at the Lancaster District Registry on June 3 by Edward William Mellor, the son, and John James Mellor, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal

estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator bequeaths £300 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Adelaide Mellor, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow; and a legacy to his servant, Mary Ann Bell. He directs a fund to be set aside to produce £800 per annum, and to pay same to his daughter, Mrs. Catherine Billings, for life, and at her death to divide the trust fund among her children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 31, 1888), of Mr. Joseph Woodcock, late of 7, Caroline-place, W.C., and 11, Lincoln's-inn-fields, a member of the firm of Clarke, Woodcock, and Ryland, who died on May 29, was proved on July 5 by William John Preston, M.D., and Henry Skipper Ryland, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the plate, pictures, books, furniture, and personal effects, and £2000, to his wife, Mrs. Eleonora Kerrison Woodcock; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, executors, and others. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; at her death he bequeaths further legacies, including one of £10,000 to his late partner, Henry Skipper Ryland. The ultimate residue is to go as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1884) of Miss Selina Frances Fitz-Wygram, late of 4, Portland-place, who died on April 17 last, was proved on July 1 by Sir Frederick Wellington John Fitz-Wygram, Bart., the brother, and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000, free of legacy duty, to her trustees, to be divided among such charitable institution or institutions in London, and, if more than one, in such proportions as they

shall think fit; £800, free of legacy duty, to be divided among the servants in her service at the time of her decease as her trustees shall think fit; £500 to her brother Loftus Adam FitzWygram; £5000, upon trust, for her said brother, for life, and then for his issue as he shall appoint; £15,000, upon trust, for her brother Sir Frederick W. J. FitzWygram, for life, and then for his issue as he shall appoint. The residue of her property she leaves to her last-named brother.

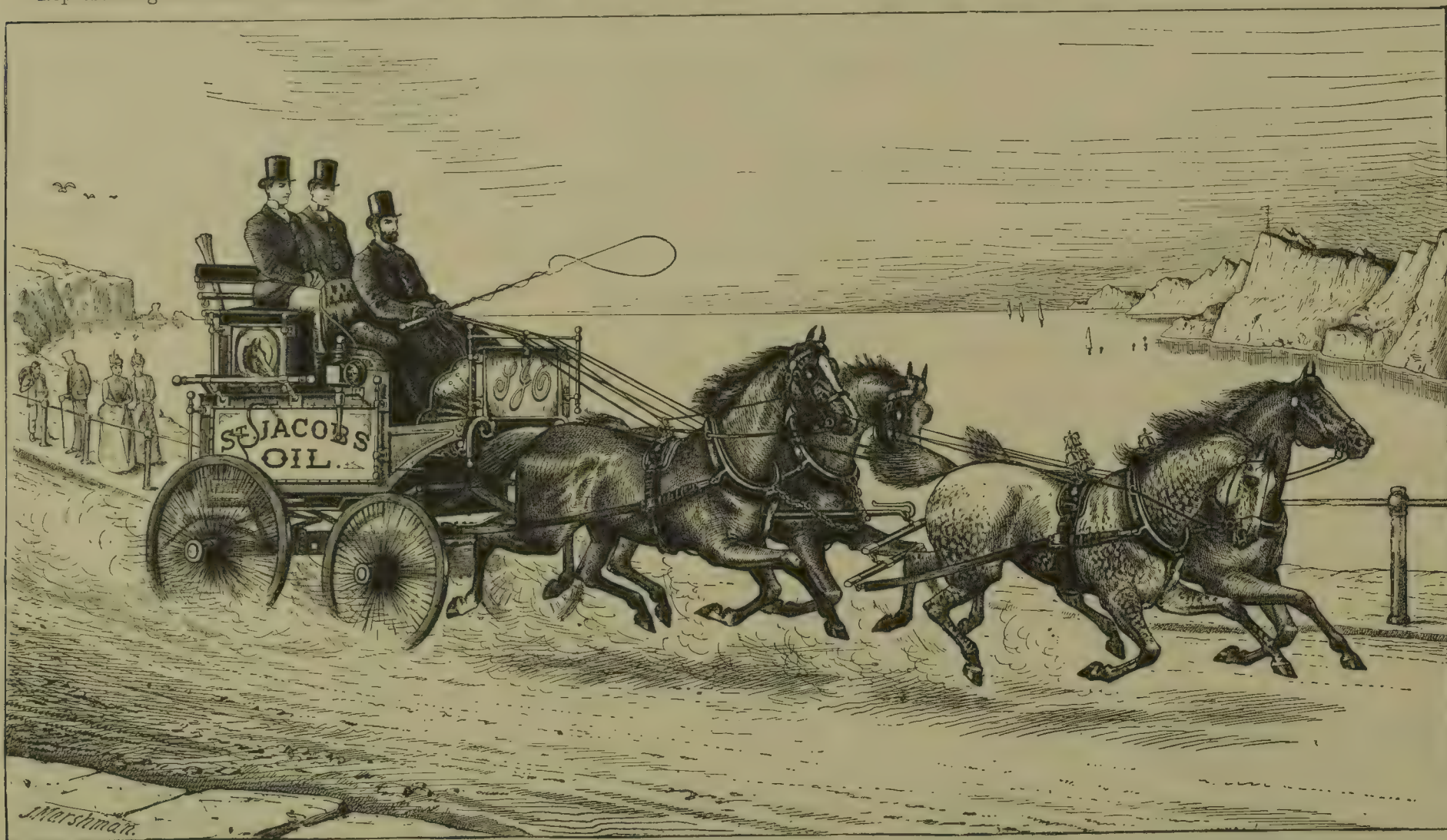
The will (dated June 14, 1882) of Mr. Frederick Charles Chapman, late of 6, Church-road, Richmond, who died on April 22 last, was proved on July 4 by Mrs. Hepzibah Chapman, the widow, and Charles Edward Little, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator leaves all his property, real and personal, upon trust, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then for his three children, Harriet Hepzibah, Charles, and Henry, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1888) of Mr. Albert Buckmaster, late of the New University Club, St. James's, and of 14, Argyle-place, Regent-street, who died on March 18 last, at Kirkuk, in the Ottoman Empire, was proved on July 3 by the Rev. John North Buckmaster and the Rev. Edward Buckmaster, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, as to one fifth each, to his brothers Edward and Henry, his sister Louisa Christian Seaton, and his nephew Walter Buckmaster; and one fifth to the children of his brother John North.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1879) of Mr. William Fulbrook Atherton, late of Whittonditch, Ramsbury, Wilts, who died on April 8 last, was proved on July 4 by William Thomas Richens

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ART MAGAZINES.

The article on "Ford Madox Brown," in the July number of the *Magazine of Art*, is full of interest as a biographical sketch of an artist of striking individuality. Among the illustrations which accompany it are two small reproductions of designs for the celebrated frescoes in Manchester Townhall, on which Mr. Brown has been engaged for some years past. Mr. Williamson continues his series of articles on "Illustrated Journalism in England," with an account of the earliest efforts made in the direction of pictorial news, which resulted in the publication of the *Illustrated London News*. A paper on John Kay, a Scotch etcher and caricaturist, who lived at the beginning of the century, and one on "Arms and Armour at the Tudor Exhibition," help to fill up a number of average interest.

A reproduction of Mr. Blair Leighton's picture of "A Call to Arms" forms the frontispiece of the July number of the *Art Journal*, and an illustrated article on Mr. W. B. Richmond and his work is the chief item in the list of contents. The account of the "Royal Academy in the Last Century," by Messrs. Hodgson and Eaton, appears like a "pièce justificative," after Mr. Harry Furniss's violent attack, in his "Academy Antics," on the early members of the institution. Mr. Aymer

Vallance discourses at length on the subject of church decoration, and accompanies his article by several designs by himself and others. An article by Claude Phillips, reviewing the summer exhibitions in England and abroad, completes the number. The reproduction of the illustrations and the general "get up" of the journal sustain its well-deserved reputation.

Mr. Bing is doing a real service to Art by his periodical *Artistic Japan*, in bringing to the notice of the general public the wonderful treasures which that country has produced and still continues to produce. The present number, which is chiefly devoted to the subject of Japanese engraving, contains several marvellously clever pen-and-ink sketches by Hokusai and other native artists, in addition to the batch of coloured plates.

On the prize day at King's College, a large number of students and their friends assembled in the theatre of the college to witness the annual distribution of prizes.

The lawn-tennis tournament, which extended over the five previous days, was concluded at Chiswick Park on July 12. In the Gentlemen's Singles championship of Middlesex E. W. Lewis (holder) beat H. S. Mahony, and in the Ladies' Singles Championship Miss M. Steadman (the holder) beat Miss Jacks.

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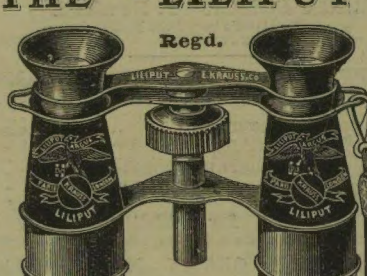
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JULY 13, 1890

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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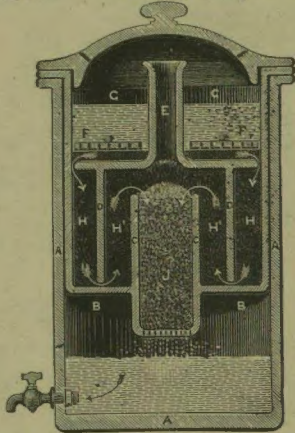
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